Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 8, 1958 / 25¢

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SCIENCE & HUMANITY

*Exclusive Eyewitness Report*

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**By J. Tuzo Wilson, OBE**
*President,*
*International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics*

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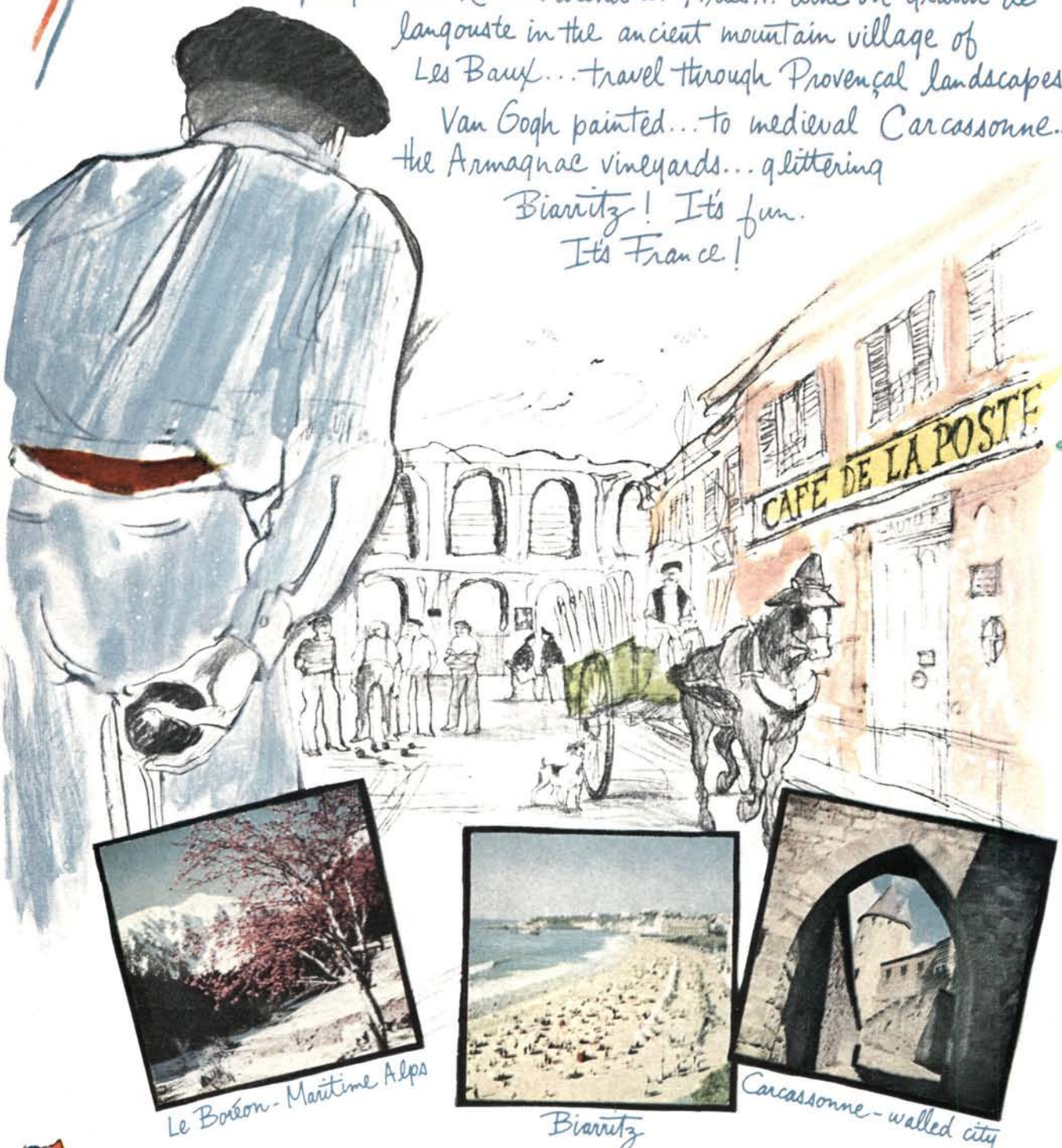


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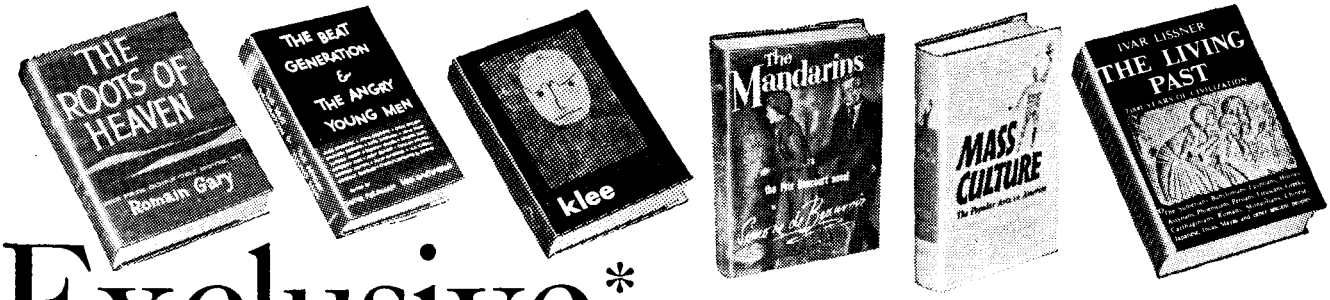


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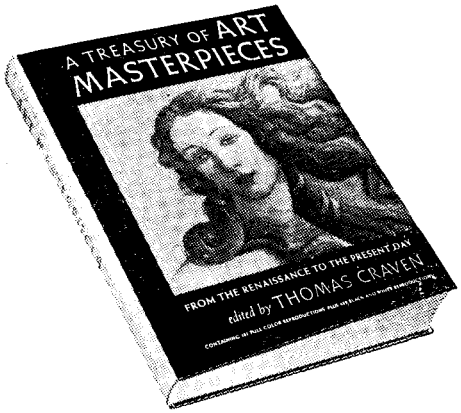


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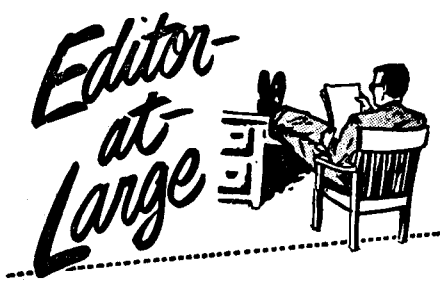


I would like to recommend two recent books that have come, one way or another, out of Canada.

One is a novel called "The Empty Shrine," by William E. Barrett. Although Barrett is an American who lives in Denver, he writes of French Canada with unusual insight and clarity.

"The Empty Shrine" is set on an island in the St. Lawrence River and its time is the present. The story it tells is of a young girl who experiences a holy vision and of an American reporter who comes to her village twelve years later bent on exposing the miracle as a fake. It is a tale of the simple faith of simple people, told with honesty and dignity.

The other book is "Cavalcade of the North," a collection of writing by Canadian authors, edited by George E. Nelson, who is vice-president of Doubleday Canada Limited.

This collection includes two full-length novels, by Mazo de la Roche and Hugh MacLennan, together with 24 shorter pieces of both fiction and nonfiction by such writers as Thomas B. Costain, Lord Beaverbrook, Morley Callaghan, Bruce Hutchison, Lionel Shapiro, Gabrielle Roy and Stephen Leacock.

Both volumes offer genuine reading pleasure, in addition to contributing to a better understanding of our neighbors to the north. Either would make an ideal Christmas gift for readers on both sides of the border.

*L. L. Day*

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

**"The Empty Shrine" ($3.95), by William E. Barrett and "Cavalcade of the North" ($4.95), edited by George E. Nelson are published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave, New York 22, N.Y. and Doubleday Canada Limited, 105 Bond Street, Toronto 2, Canada. Either may be purchased from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located in the Fisher Building, Detroit 2, Michigan.**

*Saturday Review*

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The man who reads dictionaries

**RALPH McGILL, editor of *The Atlanta Constitution*, says:**

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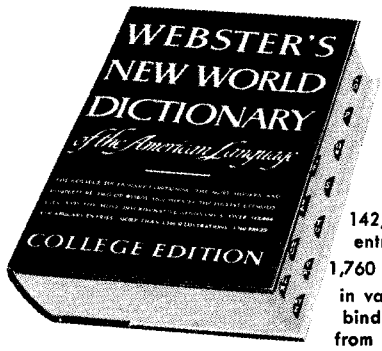


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# TRADE Winds

**THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE** of a trade publication called *Actual Specifying Engineer,* "The magazine specifically for the man who specifies," contains an article entitled "Bathroom of the Future." The specifying engineers have not been caught napping; none of this ordinary wash-basin stuff for them. No sir. In the first place, the terminology has been altered, and we have a new concept for the American people: "the health room."

The health room has a sunken swimming pool which "allows the entire family to bathe together if they like. A sliding top can conceal the pool and by a touch of a button can provide floor space for entertaining."

There are twenty-one other marvelous features, such as "variable control health vibrator, power-operated towel cabinet, refrigerated health-drink dispensers, three dimensional television, electronic memory scale, and low frequency vibrating chair."

The health room has an electronic home laundry which "at the mere insertion of any article will wash, dry, press, and sanitize it, and then ring a harmonic chime ten to fifteen minutes later when the cycle is completed." Then there is the "walk-through power shower that automatically wets, soaps, cleanses, dries, and scents the user as he slowly walks through."

I suppose you think the actual specifying engineers are kidding. Well, they are not. They have drawn a picture of the health room, which is three times the size of your living room, and they have even carried over one old-fashioned gimmick from what we used to call the bathroom: "a water closet with a power operated door . . . A sliding seat will cover the water closet with its built-in charcoal air purifier allowing the room to be used as a steam or resting room."

Unfortunately, there is no place in the health room to park your car, so presumably people will have to walk out when they wish to go some place, although I cannot think of any reason why they should need to leave the health room.

**SPEAKING OF ENDING** a sentence with five punctuation marks, Gil Pratt of Hollywood reminds me of the old story which ends in five prepositions, enough to send a grammatical purist to the booby hatch. Junior called downstairs to his father to come up and read to him.

"Bring the book on the hall table," he ordered. But father ignored the instructions and appeared in his son's bedroom with another book. Junior yelled,

"Aw whaddya bring that thing I don't wanna be read to out of up for?"

**FOLLOWING IS A LIST** of rules for white-collar workers posted in 1872 by a carriage manufacturing company in New York, and reprinted recently in *The Esso Manhattan:*

► Office employes each day will fill lamps, clean chimneys, and trim wicks.

► Each clerk will bring in a bucket of water and a scuttle of coal for the day's business.

► Make your pens carefully. You may whittle nibs to your individual taste.

► Men employes will be given an evening off each week for courting purposes, or two evenings a week if they go to church regularly.

► After thirteen hours of labor in the office, the employes should spend the remaining time reading the Bible or other good books.

► Every employe should lay aside from each pay a goodly sum of his earnings for his benefit during his declining years so that he will not become a burden on society.

► Any employe who smokes Spanish cigars, uses liquor in any form, frequents pool or public halls, or gets shaved in a barber shop will give good reason to suspect his worth intentions, integrity, and honesty.

► The employe who has performed his labors faithfully and without fault for five years will be given an increase of five cents per day in his pay, providing profits from the business permit.

**RIGHT AFTER THE** Broadway opening of "The World of Susie Wong," first-nighters and other influential and important people who didn't get opening night tickets all headed for New York's Chinatown for a block party to celebrate the event. Hundreds showed up, most of them having been invited, and were given five dollars each in Chinese money which could be spent anywhere in Chinatown. It was legal tender for the night only.

People like Shirl Conway, Aly Khan, and Gypsy Rose Lee were reported to be here or there. I didn't see anyone famous, although there was a stage where a Chinese fellow was doing a sword dance and juggling

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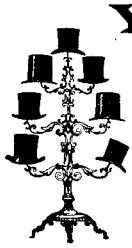

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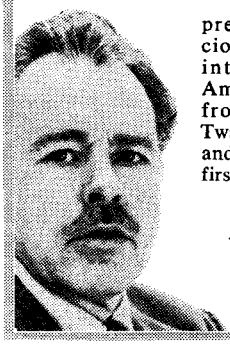

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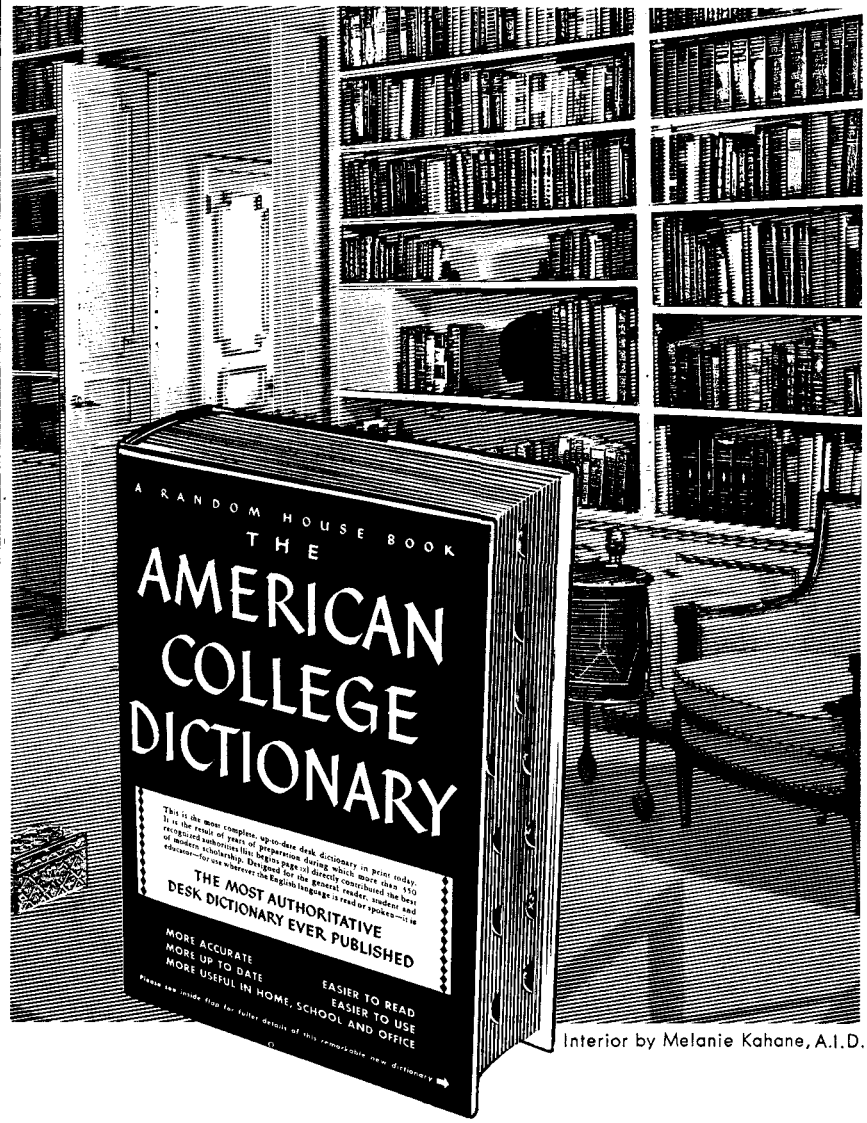


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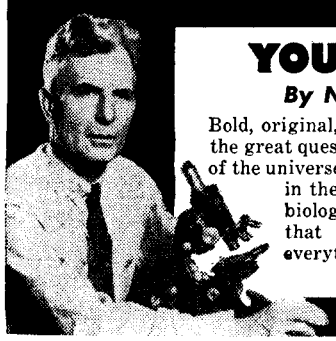

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plates and knives. My companion and I spent $9.50 at a restaurant, and as we appeared on the street again someone said that Elsa Maxwell had fallen downstairs somewhere. That was about 2 A.M. As I was standing there wondering just what to do next, a man with a camera around his neck and a convention label on his lapel asked me how to get to Times Square.

The next day the Chinatown merchants turned in to Josh Logan or somebody about several thousand dollars in Chinese money and got back Caucasian moolah, which was a very smart move on their part.

**THERE WAS A** penny-pinching fellow who tried to ride free on the train. I suppose he was a Scotsman. In any case, he hid in the lavatory when the conductor came to collect tickets. The conductor wouldn't be fooled, though, and he banged on the locked door, shouting,

"I know you're in there! Come out and pay your fare!"

The Scot finally came out, but it appeared that he didn't want to buy a ticket anyway, whereupon the train crew prepared to eject him and his baggage at the next stop.

When the train halted at the station, the enraged conductor pushed the passenger off, and then picked up his heavy suitcase and threw it to the platform after him. With that the Scot shook his fist at the conductor and cried,

"All right, kick me off the train, but there's no reason for you to treat my little boy like that!"

**A REPORTER FROM** *The New York Times* surveyed election feeling among Connecticut farmers last week. One fellow didn't even know who was running.

"I don't get the paper," he said. "I have no television, and they just don't talk about it down at the store. But judging from the stickers on the auto bumpers a mess of votes should go to Ausable Chasm."

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1284)

Peter Freuchen:

*VAGRANT VIKING*

The two Eskimo brothers roared with laughter at sight of the ruined depot. "Here we have hurried like mad," they said, "covered two days' distance in one, and arrive to find everything gone. This will be something to laugh at when we tell our friends." A strange humor!

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# What's the biggest "woman's club" in your state?

*In state after state it's the millions of trading stamp savers.*

PHOTO BY HOWELL CONANT

by **AMY VANDERBILT**
Prominent author and
lecturer to American women's clubs

From what I see and hear traveling about the country, I predict a long life ahead for trading stamps. I base that on a very simple observation. Wherever I go I find that women like them.

Nor do I wonder that the American woman has taken them to her heart. Of course, it's the husband who's generally the family provider. But what housewife who saves trading stamps doesn't think of herself as a "good provider," too. And she is. Through her thrift and diligence in shopping where trading stamps are given, she provides "extras" for the family to enjoy.

Moreover, her devotion to stamps pays off handsomely for America's business firms. Last year she took home from redemption stores about $500,000,000 worth of appliances, home furnishings and hobby equipment. Making these things gave employment to 75,000 people in manufacturing plants and on farms.

And often the merchandise the housewife gets with stamps generates other spending. It gives her fresh ideas that send her out to buy other things at local stores.

American women live in an atmosphere where they can be free and independent in their thinking. They can shop where they like. It is significant that the women in 2 out of 3 families (I call them the country's largest "woman's club") shop regularly where they get a discount for cash in the form of trading stamps.

★ ★ ★

NOTE: If you would like to receive research material about the trading stamp industry . . . or answers to specific questions about stamps, simply write to The Sperry and Hutchinson Company, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

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*Saturday Review*
NOVEMBER 8, 1958

# THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS TO REALITY

*"Now there is no more alienating force than a sense of inferiority. It negates both self and society by placing them in a false relation to each other."*

*—Illustration by Sir John Tenniel for "Alice in Wonderland."*

By NANCY HALE

ONE of the comments people are fond of making to a writer is, "I read the book you wrote about your childhood." Or, "your marriage," or, "your father." The reader appears confident that this book he has read is about an actual childhood, or marriage, or father, and hence, it follows, about the writer's own. He is thus one up on the writer, who is by no means so sure what he was writing about. *Was* it his own childhood? Only perhaps.

The writer knows deeply, privately, and absolutely that what he was writing about was not exactly anything that ever happened, in his life or anybody else's. It was like reality; but it was not reality. No one knows as well as the artist that nothing but reality is reality. No one but the writer will ever be entirely convinced that, even if he had wanted to, he did not, would not, could not put the real world into a work of fiction. To be sure, there is another kind of reality in the writing. The fact remains that his novel was laid, not in the real world, but in what I have often found it convenient to call the territory of fiction—a quite different, but perfectly definite place.

Into this world, out of sometimes harsh, and always demanding, outer reality, the artist escapes with cries of joy and relief. And not only the artist. To the reader as well, the territory of fiction is a beloved and welcome retreat from what is sometimes known as real life. The truth is that there are two realities, the outer and the inner, and the relationship between the two may perhaps best be investigated in the light of the autobiographical element in fiction. I have called one of them *the territory of fiction*. The other is the world of factual event to which the writer is, more or less, bound by his own experience.

Now it is characteristic of memory, as a mode of thinking, first, that it is essentially unreliable, and second, that it tends to burst spontaneously into phantasy. It is in phantasy the writer travels to that other world, the territory of fiction, heart's desire.

But what makes this happen to the writer? How does the writer function in that world of imagination? And how does he get out again?

Freud has answered these questions, for those seeking a psychological explanation: "If the individual who is displeased with reality is in possession of that artistic talent which is still a psychological riddle, he can transform his phantasies into artistic creations. So he escapes the fate of a neurosis and wins back his connection by this roundabout way." Freud here gives phantasy its psychological meaning of daydreaming.

BUT in saying this much, Freud knew that he had not really explained the artist. I should not dream of rushing in with definitions where Freud feared to tread, but I suggest that by listening very carefully to a number of writers of widely varied talents—by listening not only for what they say but for what sneaks past them when they are inattentive; by trying to visualize the images, as well as hear what goes on—we may emerge with a closer, or at least a more felt, understanding of the relationship be-

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tween the real and the fictional world.

We can already assert one thing about that relationship. I think we have seen how the door which is the writer's own memory can open and lead by way of imagination into fiction. Ancient myth is full of symbols of this event. When the Fisherman in the Arabian Nights had three times cast his nets fruitlessly, he cast them once more and brought up, not fish, but a bottle of brass, its mouth sealed with a lead stopper bearing the seal of King Solomon the Wise. He realized that it would be the realistic thing to sell the bottle at the marketplace for ten pieces of gold. But our Fisherman was dissatisfied with reality. He had to pick the stopper out of the bottle to see what was inside. Out came a monstrous Djinn "whose head was in the clouds while his feet rested upon the earth; with hands like winnowing forks and legs like masts; nostrils like trumpets and eyes like lamps"—a very epitome of unleashed psychic energy, and furthermore bent upon destroying the Fisherman. Most of the rest of the story is devoted to the Fisherman's desperate efforts to get that Djinn back into the bottle.

WE DON'T have to look far to find examples in modern fiction of this theme of the escape of the artist's energy. There are the characters like Heathcliff, Levin, Pierre in "War and Peace," Jane Eyre, Raskolnikov; the unwanted, the rejected, the inferior, the, in any case, alienated. For it doesn't signify whether the character rejects society or it rejects him. The artist's sense of alienation is often to be found projected onto the real world; to him it can appear less as if he were displeased with reality than as if reality were displeased with him.

I am going to use a short story of my own as an example of this alienation. My story is typical of so-called autobiographical fiction, and I ought to be in an excellent position to say how much of it is, and how much isn't, autobiographical. The story called "The Empress's Ring," I chose to write in the first person, and I shall tell it now in the first person. As a little girl I am given a tiny gold ring set with five turquoises, which once belonged to the Empress of Austria—the beautiful Elisabeth, who used to climb mountains. It is to me an unbelievably precious possession, all the more so since everything else I have seems to be inferior to the possessions of Mimi, the little girl with naturally curly hair who lives next door, who has a beautiful new playhouse and new doll's china with pink rosebuds on it. But now I own the ring of an Empress, and it is beautiful and I love it and all is changed. I wear it when I go out to play, disregarding all warnings, since it is far too precious ever to get lost. But I do lose it, in the sand of my messy, scattered sandpile, which is also inferior to Mimi's sandpile. At first I am hardly dismayed, since I know it is somewhere within a circumscribed area. I am sure that all I have to do is dig for it. But I never do find it, although for years I try, and when I have become a young lady, going to dances, I sometimes remember suddenly the unbearable loss of my little ring, the one with the five turquoises in it, and go out in my chic beige dress and my high heels and

"Mr. Joseph Entangled," from "Vanity Fair."

*"Imagination is not a function of cognition, which in any way relates the individual to the real world, but a subjective mechanism, dealing entirely with self-generated, self-determined, self-regarding phantasies."*

dig in the sand of the abandoned sandpile for it. Now, the story goes on, I am a middle-aged woman and live in another part of the country. Today I went out to take a walk, and passed the house of some neighbors whom I am rather in awe of, since their house is much nicer than mine, their silver is always well-polished, and their slipcovers, unlike mine, always seem to fit. I would like to stop and see them, but I let shyness get the better of me and go home. When I am indoors again I stop for a moment's rest on the sofa. Let me quote a bit from the ending: "I lay down, and as soon as I closed my eyes there I was again, years and years later, back in the old woodshed of the place where I grew up, scratching and clawing at the sandpile, trying to find my little blue ring."

This story certainly sounds autobiographical, and it is usually taken by readers to be autobiographical. In fact, it *felt* autobiographical while I was writing it. I could see the sun glinting on the five blue stones of my little gold ring as I went out to play; I could visualize the fortunate Mimi with her fat ringlets. It was with quite a shock, therefore, that much later it dawned on me that I had never, in fact, been given a ring that belonged to the Empress of Austria or to any other Empress, and that the only ring I ever did own as a child I never lost, in a sandpile or anywhere else. If I try to explain this to one of the kind readers who condole with me over my poignant childhood loss, they tend to look suspicious, as though they thought I might be rejecting their sympathy. For the story apparently carries the ring of truth.

I think there is a kind of truth in it, one which we may find pertinent to the artist's special experience of alienation. This truth was partly expressed by a reader in Canada who wrote me about "The Empress's Ring." He said, "I too lost a precious possession when I was a child—the little pearl-handled knife my father had given me for my birthday. I know how you felt about the loss of your ring, and I know, too, that you are only calling it a ring."

If it is not a ring that the little girl in the story lost, what is it? A ring is a symbol of connection, of the closed circuit, of both narcissism and wholeness. This symbolism only occurred to me long after the story was published. For it is not true, what a student at the Bread Loaf Conference said to me one summer, "I suppose you lay out the framework of your plot first, and then write it down, and then put the symbolism in." Only afterwards, usually long afterwards, do I become aware of the symbols in my work, and I think this is a general experience with writers. This ring of connectedness, then, that has been given to the little girl in the story was lost in the sand. It was not destroyed, for it is there somewhere, if the little girl, who becomes a woman still with the same sense of inferiority, could only find it again. Now there is no more alienating force than a sense of inferiority. It negates both self and society by placing them in a false relation to each other. The little girl in the story is one of those whom Freud describes as displeased with reality—in this case, with the reality of herself as a person; her own sense of integrity is lost deep in the sandy shifting contents of childhood. For it would be a grave mistake to suppose that the reality from which the artist is alienated is necessarily other people. Charity begins at home, and so may self-rejection.

Having become displeased with re-

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"The Fisherman and the Djinn."

*"Our Fisherman was dissatisfied with reality. He had to pick the stopper out of the bottle to see what was inside. Out came a monstrous Djinn—a very epitome of unleashed psychic energy."*

ality, having been alienated from the real world, having once let the Djinn of psychic energy out of the circular jar which properly contained it, the artist is nevertheless not at the end of his rope. How does the artist function, once in his world of imagination?

This second stage of the artist's relation to artistic reality is to be compared with what Freud called, "that artistic talent which is still a psychological riddle." At the same time that the artist's ring of wholeness disappeared into the shifting sands, he received the gift of imagination, which let him into the wonderland where he now stands. Sacks of rubies and emeralds—of ideas and images and fancies—spill their contents for him on every hand. He has achieved possessions greatly in excess of that one little gold ring; riches which may be balanced against what Freud calls the normal aims of the ego—honor, riches, and the love of women. What honors, what women, will he not be able to obtain with the wealth that has been opened to him in the territory of fiction, his land of heart's desire?

The subject of great power has always been a favorite in fiction. Dumas's Count of Monte Cristo describes it, Tolstoi's character of Napoleon in "War and Peace" studies it, and there has appeared in recent years, through science fiction, the increasingly intriguing theme of man's conquest of space. Certainly science fiction—since to date no human being has been out into space—would seem worlds away from autobiography. Let us examine a specimen of it to see whether it is in fact as objectively imagined, and as unrelated to its author's personal experiences and memories, as would appear.

E. M. Forster's story, "The Machine Stops," a forerunner of the science-fiction genre, is laid at some far distant point in time. Civilization is found to have moved into the interior of the earth, which is honeycombed with individual cells, one for each member of this unsocial society. The cells are furnished with every sort of pushbutton device for the occupant's private necessities, luxury, education, and entertainment. This system of living is entirely dependent upon the Machine, the central and prime cause of continued existence under these artificial circumstances. By the time the story opens, the Machine has come to be worshiped by the inhabitants of the honeycomb; what was once the book of instructions is venerated as a Bible. It is quite in order that the members of this civilization no longer have any hair or teeth; such growths are considered disgusting when occasionally encountered in the few beings left who have not properly adjusted to the Machine. The protagonist of the story is a woman, content to live in her cell pursuing what is considered the most desirable of all aims, "having ideas." But her son, who lives at the opposite side of the globe, is filled with inchoate longings to get out on the outside of the earth and see what is there. When he expresses these deviationist desires to his mother, having pressed her into paying him a visit, she is horrified, alarmed, and advises him strongly against them. She is only too eager to return to her snug solitude to have more ideas. But the son does struggle to the surface of the earth, and although human lungs are by now unfit to breathe natural air with ease, does draw in a few breaths of outside freedom before he is pulled back, horribly, by the worm-like instruments devised by the Machine for such emergencies.

Soon after, something inconceivable begins: the Machine itself starts to fail. At first nobody grasps such an impossibility. But the Machine goes on slowly failing, for it is only a machine and not, as its dependents have come to think, God. From having venerated the book of instructions too long, nobody knows how to fix it. The air goes bad, the communication ceases, and the walls begin to crumble, bringing complete destruction to those who have relied on the Machine for everything. In the end mother and son, reunited at the moment of ultimate catastrophe, look up through ghastly, rending, toppling ruins and see, far above, what has been there all along: the real stars in the real sky.

In this frightening tale, we may relate the civilization within the interior of the earth to the inner world of which we have been speaking. The monstrous Machine which keeps everything going is to be equated with the mechanism of imagination itself. For imagination is not a function of cognition, which in any way relates the individual to the real world, but a subjective mechanism, dealing entirely with self-generated, self-determined, self-regarding phantasies. It is easy to identify the denizens of Forster's interior world, dependent for everything upon this wish-fulfilling Machine and worshiping it, with the artists, critics, persons of every sort who worship imagination, and believe art—the creation of ideas—to be an end in itself for which the real world, the outside of the planet with its harsh atmosphere, is well lost. In that unnatural existence a mother was satisfied to be half a world away from her son, and merely irritated when his appeal takes her away from her delightfully cerebral pursuits.

NOW, mother and child make up a universal image, one which expresses as well as the mind can grasp the concept of love. While I don't mean for a moment to go poking about in the austere mansions of Mr. Forster's private life, I think we can see, without laboring the point, what was in his mind. "The Machine Stops" cer-

(*Continued on page* 39)

"Speak I Must," from "Jane Eyre."

*"The territory of fiction is the other half of the world of reality: the dark side of the moon, the mantelpiece mirror that reflects the room, the dream between the wakings, the shadow within the sunlight."*

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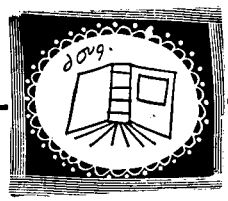

LITERARY HORIZONS

# The Real Henry Adams

By Granville Hicks

ONE of the books that impressed the 1920s was "The Education of Henry Adams." Although it had been finished and privately printed in 1907, and although its author was then nearly seventy, the book seemed to belong to the postwar decade. (It was made available to the public after Adams's death in 1918.) It seemed as contemporary as Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers," Hemingway's "In Our Time," or Eliot's "Prufrock." If Adams could not be claimed as a member of the Lost Generation, he could be regarded as a forerunner.

Many of the bright young people felt in the years after World War I that they had been badly let down: the world was quite different from what they had been taught to believe. Adams, according to his own story, had begun learning this lesson many years earlier, when he was about the age of his bright young readers. "As yet he knew nothing," he wrote of himself as he was when he was graduated from Harvard in 1858. "Education had not begun." But it was soon to begin, and its essence was disillusionment.

Adams's pessimism was congenial to the bright young people in the Twenties because, like their own, it was ambivalent. The predicament they bemoaned had its compensations: it gave them the right of unlimited criticism, and it encouraged indulgence in self-pity. Adams himself was not free from either self-pity or self-righteousness, but his magisterial tone, his air of vast objectivity, appeared to transform these vices into virtues. He not only expressed what the bright young people were feeling; he stated their case for them with irresistible authority.

It should have been apparent even in the Twenties that the "Education" gave a highly stylized account of Adams's life, but his eloquence and the receptivity of his audience obscured the truth. It could not be overlooked after the publication of the two volumes of his letters in 1930 and 1938. Even the "Letters," however, did not tell the whole story. Elizabeth Stevenson told the most important parts of it in her "Henry Adams," published in 1955, and Ernest Samuels is engaged in presenting a biography in three volumes, of which the first, "The Young Henry Adams," appeared in 1948. The second, **"Henry Adams: The Middle Years"** (Harvard University Press, $7.50), has just been published.

What we now see is that Adams's pessimism developed more slowly than the "Education" indicated and was more closely related to personal disappointments. In his earlier years he had the ambitions that might be expected in a young man who was the great-grandson of one President and the grandson of another, and if he soon taught himself not to expect high political office ("I never will make a speech, never run for an office, never belong to a party," he wrote his brother in 1867) he continued to crave political influence. He did have some influence, but not as much as he wanted, and such as it was, it dwindled away. He was right, of course, in regarding the decline of the Adamses as a sign of the times, but for many years he looked at the phenomenon with less objectivity than the "Education" suggests.

The "Education" also conceals the extent to which Adams's pessimism was nurtured by personal tragedy. That he does not allude to his wife's suicide, that he does not even mention his marriage, is understandable enough, but it is evidence of the strength of his feeling. Not at all the calm rationalist he later liked to believe himself, he was intensely emotional and was deeply involved with members of his family and with a few friends. Deepest of all was his involvement with his wife, on whom he was singularly dependent. Her death under any circumstances would have been a paralyzing blow, and the manner of her death compounded the tragedy.

Professor Samuels has devoted his second volume—420 pages with nearly another hundred given over to notes and bibliography—to Adams's life from 1877 to 1890, a short period but an important one. In 1877 Adams left the Harvard faculty and, establishing his headquarters in Washington, turned to the writing of history. His great "History of the United States," nine volumes on the administrations of Jefferson and Madison, was finished in 1890. In the meantime he had also written biographies of Albert Gallatin and John Randolph and two novels, "Democracy" and "Esther," the one published anonymously, the other under a pseudonym. It was a period in which he worked hard and worked well, although nothing he wrote was as famous as the "Education" became after his death.

December 6, 1885, the date of Marian Adams's suicide, divides the period, as it may be said to divide his life. Before that date, hard as he was working, he and his wife were socially active, with many acquaintances and a few intimate friends, notably John Hay and Clarence King. After it, he became for a time a recluse, and it was some years before he made even a partial recovery. His wife, as Samuels points out, had known how to tease him out of his melancholy moods; now he abandoned himself to them. "I am well, as far as I know," he wrote a friend, "with everything in the world except what I want; and with nothing to complain of, except the universe."

Samuels has described the period in detail. He has had access to the Adams family papers, now in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and he has culled from them much interesting material, though thus far there are no startling revelations. (Adams began destroying diaries and other confidential documents before he set out for the South Seas with John LaFarge in 1890.) In addition to this circumstantial record of Adams's life, Samuels has given careful studies of his books, and has analyzed the development of his ideas. The work, when it is completed, will stand as the definitive biography of Adams, although it is so detailed that the general reader is likely to take more pleasure in Elizabeth Stevenson's book.

Neither, of course, is a substitute for the "Education." We now know that we must read the book almost as if it were a work of fiction. But if it is fiction, it is fiction of a high order and, like all good fiction, concerned with truth. The fable touches us closely, for it tells of man as the victim of change. The book may have been motivated by a sense of personal grievance; it may be shot through with self-pity; but Adams did try to understand the forces that had undone him. His understanding, needless to say, was incomplete, but his dramatization of the attempt to understand was a great success. We are glad to learn about the "real" Henry Adams, as we should be glad to learn about the "real" Shakespeare, but the work remains more important that the man.

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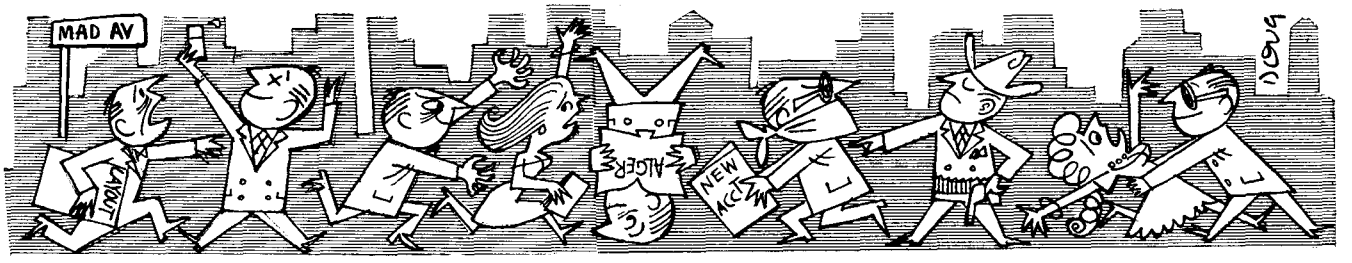
# *SR* Runs Six Up the Flagpole

*This fall has been a singularly prolific season for fiction dealing with the mythic world of Madison Avenue. Many new writers have sought to describe the morals and manners of today's businessman, public relations man, adman, and to determine what makes him run.* SR *has asked A. C. Spectorsky to review some of these novels. Mr. Spectorsky, author of "The Exurbanites," has worked in virtually all the fields of communications during the past twenty years, including newspapers, magazines, radio, TV, and advertising. At the present time, he is associate publisher of* Playboy *magazine.*




By A. C. SPECTORSKY

THE examination of six "communications" novels—typical of a bumper crop—may shed some light on this publishing phenomenon. The books in question are business novels. This tells us something about them at once: they are not about people but about occupations; the characters act and evolve not from what they are or become, but from what they do and are done to; the conflicts are not built on human emotion—the decisive dramatic situations are built around battles of cleverness and skill ("The Hucksters" is a classic example). These are not only business novels, they are by and about people either in communications (in its broadest sense), or in those aspects of business in which symbols and people —rather than goods—are manipulated for profit. They are, if you will, the adult versions—or perversions—of those career novels which are given teen-agers to guide them through the intricacies of occupations they may someday pursue. One might better categorize them as "business westerns," what with their local color, their Technicolored neo-realism of detail, and their good guys and bad guys. They are also "regional" books, novelistic expositions of the Mad Av Mystique, cautionary immorality plays about power ploys in the plush *purlieus* of the once hidden and now ridden persuaders.

Typically, these business novels (which are rivaling the hoop as a rage, but may not last as long) are Horatio Alger upside down. Typically, the Alger hero was rewarded in business for his honesty and industry, which won him a high position and often the hand of the boss's daughter in marriage. Today's business novel frequently works in reverse: the hero (usually from a small town, usually the son of a failure) practises every mean and horrid trick of his trade, becomes a dehumanized and lethal loner, seduces the boss's daughter (or wife, or secretary, or best friend's wife) and then, having fought to the top dishonorably, undergoes a change of heart and dumps it all—sometimes to stay in his biz but operate ethically, often to secede from the rat race in favor of living in the country like a happy bumpkin (or gentleman farmer, or successful writer). Frequently, too, the crisis which precipitates the change is not one of conscience, but of business or ill health. Not too surprisingly—since many of these books are first novels—there is often an almost embarrassing parallel between the authors' careers and those of their protagonists.

What motivates the writing of these reverse-Alger business westerns? We can adduce a set of nine motives. Let's start with the least charming and most obvious:

1. A desire for pelf or the need to supplement a lousy twenty-five-grand-a-year salary. Cameron Hawley's "Executive Suite" and Howard Swiggett's "The Power and the Prize" made heavy sugar; why not do the same?
2. A need to attain, through book authorship, the admired status denied to those sour-grapes toilers in the communications business whose considerable skill and hard work—just like those of Prussian mercenaries—are widely deemed not only inappropriately applied, but undesirable for society.
3. A sensed or unconscious desire to externalize—and even parade, like wounds—the problems inherent in having to perform more or less creative brainwork within a highly structured corporate situation that fails to offer the security for which freedom of action is bartered.
4. The urge of Organization Men to recreate their self-images as bold and lawless mavericks to be secretly admired as are the bad men of the Old West.
5. A need for vicarious easement of insecurity feelings and a sense of stultifying conformity, via a safe and sanitary fiction of independence of action, or of revolt—without its attendant hazards. (In this Woukian fantasy world, the revolutionary has it made, in advance.)
6. A desire to make amends for professionally practising what so many believe to be a prostitution of creative gifts, by writing an exposé of The Life

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on Mad Av (frequently an unwittingly romanticized one).
7. A desire to give importance to, and even to celebrate by innuendo, the author's occupation, which he sees—in the blackest hours of insomniac revery—as sidetracked and trivial.
8. A very legitimate and honest desire to have the layman share the author's conviction that his profession is important and pretty darn dramatic.
9. The understandable desire to expand the scope of craft beyond the limitations permitted by a layout or a client—coupled with the need of the communicator to communicate about himself for a change!

One need make no value judgments concerning the artistic validity of these motives in order to conclude that they may have a bearing on the celerity with which oblivion will overtake the works in question. And now we may take a quick look at the books.

Shepherd Mead's **"The Admen"** (Simon & Schuster, $4) is the story of the molding of an agency, the conflict between the hard-sell and subtle-sell guys, the conflict between agency and client, the emotional conflicts among the people involved. The hero wins out in the end, he and the other characters having variously triumphed over a variety of business and personal problems, the latter ranging from infidelity to alcoholism. Mead himself got close to the top in the ad biz (from mail room to V.P. in twenty years) and his pictures of Mad Av inner workings have authenticity.

**"The Merger"** (Doubleday, $3.95) describes the connivings, strivings, collisions, and collusions which attend the merging of two TV enterprises, and tells what happened to two men and their families (and a screenful of other characters) when they were caught up in the process. A breakdown for one and a heart attack for the other almost separate them from the rat race, but recovery brings renewed zeal for battle and all turns out peachy-dandy. The usual clutch of domestic problems interlards the story. The author, Sterling Quinlan, is now a V.P. of the American Broadcasting System.

**"A Really Sincere Guy"** (McKay, $4)—or, as the jacket has it, "a really sincere guy"—tells about the public relations game and how the hero must choose between conscience and jungle law. Marital infidelity complicates his problems, but though he forges to the top in business and in bed, he never compromises his business principles. Instead he forms his own honest firm and gets back into the good graces of the wife he wronged. Robert Van Riper, the author, who has been in PR for some time, handles that branch of activity for a large ad firm.

**"A Twist of Lemon"** (Doubleday, $3.95) is another Mad Av opera about an ambitious young guy who forges to the top at the expense of his own vanished conscience and of the people who surround him, including his girl. Once he's high on his agency's totem pole, however, the wheels within wheels begin grinding him down and he suffers a burst ulcer. Recovered, he turns his back on his former mode of life, regains his girl, and gets a low-pressure niche in a nicer aspect of the biz, where he can enjoy The New Leisure and Togetherness. Edward Stephens, the author, like Scott Willoughby, his hero, came to Madison Avenue with a long and honorable naval career and post-graduate schooling behind him. Mr. Stephens is still at it.

**"Pax"** (Random House, $3.95) is the story of skulduggery in and about a huge ethical drug firm which launches a campaign to dose the world with its unethical tranquilizers. Joe Logan, PR and publicity man for the firm, is involved with the cynical exploitation of a war hero as part of the plot to push Pax, and with amatory inclinations toward the war hero's girl. The highly complex story—entailing backbiting connivings, Senatorial investigations, the war hero's conversion from unknowing tool to knowing manipulator, and Logan's ambivalence crystallizing into a decision to quit the dirty game—culminates in his resolve to stay on with the firm and help rebuild it once it's been purged of its bad guys and of Pax. The authors—who, oddly, write under the pseudonym of Middleton Kiefer but reveal their identity on the book's back flap as Harry Middleton and Warren Kiefer—were jointly associated as PR men with a big ethical drug firm.

**"The Detroiters"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.95) considers the career of one David Manning, bright young man of Mad Av, who takes on Detroit and other admen (and various women) in his scramble up the ladder to fortune in the auto-ad biz. Sex, politics, ambition, the big sell characterize his rise. Having attained the perilous and unstable top (from which he seems about to topple), Manning undergoes a benign metamorphosis and turns his back on the rough play in order to woo back a friend he has alienated, so the two can start a new agency of their own. The author, Harold Livingston, once worked for an ad agency in Detroit.

A degree of unfairness and cruelty is inherent in this sort of omnibus review. Some reparation is now due the authors. First of all, it may be stated of all of them—ad writers, copy chiefs, PR men, consultants, former-admen-turned-writers, account execs—that they share a high level of competence in description, dialogue, plot building, and the creation of suspense. All these are necessary ingredients of fiction; alone, however, they do not make literature. Yet for sheer readability this shelf of six is outstanding—as run-of-the-press novels go.

It may also be said that each of these books is unintentionally endearing in that the authors so obviously are on the side of morality (even when nice guys get mistreated by bad guys), and that they are, for the most part, obviously scandalized by—though proud of—the machinations which more sophisticated businessmen usually take for granted.

Sadly, it must be added that all these books are slick. I once knew a commercial artist who tried being a serious painter—and used his left hand because his right hand had become too glib. Commercial writers and word-wielders aren't so lucky: they are, by training, market conscious; they all learned to type with both hands too well, too long ago. The best that results is what an adman might optimistically call a reasonable facsimile of art.

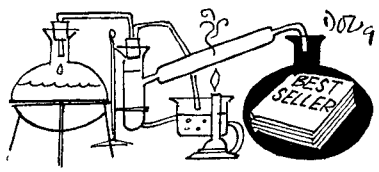
**SON AND SEA:** For his first novel Michael Noonan has taken a ship's captain (boisterous and a hearty drinker), two maiden aunts (prissy and disapproving), and a boy (inevitably mischievous and irreverent), and given us a year of their lives as seen through the eyes of the boy.

It is surprising, using such worn-out stereotypes, that he has produced in **"The Patchwork Hero"** (John Day, $3.75) a book which is not without interest for others and promise for himself as a novelist.

The plot, as well as the characters, is a cliché. The sea captain, Barney, returns home to his motherless son, Hardy, who is living with his aunts. He takes the boy to live with him, securing for this purpose a job as a tugboat captain so he can spend more time ashore. The father indulges in a round of boorish behavior, getting drunk, fighting, kissing barmaids, squiring sexy wenches, finally falling in love and marrying, only to have his bride die of consumption, whereupon he leaves the boy and takes up ocean-going seamanship again.

What gives interest to the book is Noonan's potentials as a writer. He

(*Continued on page* 30)

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# Venus on a Social Volcano

***"The Rainbow Comes and Goes," by Diana Cooper*** *(Houghton Mifflin. 271 pp. $5), conveys in the memoirs of a lovely lady the essence and flavor of a lost way of life. Joseph Alsop of the famous syndicated byline relaxes from politics to consider her account. He is the co-author with his brother, Stewart Alsop, of "The Reporter's Trade," to be published later this month.*

By Joseph Alsop

HAVING rather enviably solved the problem of perpetual beauty, Lady Diana Cooper has been one of the great beauties of the age for more than four decades. She was born among the great and famous, and she has lived among them all her life. For her qualities of mind and spirit, as well as for her beauty, she has been loved and envied and admired and analyzed, from near and from afar, as very few women are ever envied or loved except the greatest actresses. But the memoirs of celebrated beauties are commonly tedious, or embarrassing, or both. (Indeed, I can think of none in a higher category except the memoirs of Harriette Wilson, who also lived among the great for a while, but in a very different way.) So I had better say at once that "The Rainbow Comes and Goes," far from being either embarrassing or tedious, is by turns witty, deeply moving, and shot through with a curious iridescent loveliness that is all its own.

This odd, enchanting iridescence is not the only quality, either, that makes this book pretty special. Nowadays when famous persons transmute their fame into more liquid assets the resulting stories are usually ghosted; they almost invariably lack any strong individual tincture; and they are customarily written in the bland, graceless, predigested prose that was first invented by the old success-story magazines. It is a fine, useful, salable formula, which has served equally well for President Eisenhower and Gypsy Rose Lee. Lady Diana has boldly, or perhaps ignorantly, rejected the formula and defied the rules. With its wit, its occasional neo-Georgian purple patches, its quick sensibility, and its suggestion of a fascinating woman who partly fascinates precisely because her scarves trail and her chiffons float with a certain neglectful vagueness, Lady Diana's book is altogether individual. Its style, its outlook, its implied values, its inclusions and omissions, its sadness and its gaiety—all these are hers alone.

Just this strong individuality, this concentration of personal flavor, may at first make the book strike an American reader as strange and unfamiliar. It must be added that the book's *mise en scène*, its human types, the manner of life that it describes, are all so foreign to American experience that they may initially seem absolutely unreal. It is almost easier to feel at home among the Zunis and the Samoans, whom our anthropologists have so carefully explained to us, than to feel at home in the golden, doomed, lost world of the English past that Lady Diana describes without explaining.

The period of the book is the first two decades of the twentieth century, and the personages include an astonishing proportion of the great and the near-great, the brilliant and the beautiful, the eccentric and the talented men and women, both young and old, of late Edwardian and early Georgian England. But the Prime Ministers and viceroys and bearers of historic names and writers and beauties and artists of every sort are not, so to say, artificially pushed onto the stage to give false glamour and interest; they instead appear quite naturally and inevitably, because they were all familiar and accustomed players in the drama of Lady Diana Cooper's early life.

—*From the book.*

**Lady Diana's mother drawn by Queen Victoria, an accustomed player in Diana Cooper's early life.**

**Diana Cooper as "Russia" for charity . . . intensity of experience went with intensity of delight.**

The drama they were playing was not hers only, either; although the players did not know it at the outset, it was the vast, volcanic tragedy of the end of the old European order. On the sunlit, topmost slopes, these privileged, cultivated, pleasure-loving, life-loving men and women went their glittering ways together, in ease and confidence and intimacy, until the mountain rumbled, and the war erupted, and the old order came to its end in the war. Better than anyone else one can think of, Lady Diana makes one see what that lost life was like at its best (although, unlike the anthropologists, she never pauses to say why it was like that). It is the "Last Days of Pompeii" all over again; but instead of a fairly dreary Roman provincial town, the thing remembered and the thing overwhelmed is a system of society that ruled the continent that, in those days, ruled the world.

Yet this larger aspect of the book only becomes noticeable on a second reading; for the human story the book tells at first absorbs all one's attention. Once again, there is the same danger—that the book's story, like its setting and its characters and its ambiance, will seem unreal to the workaday reader. The duke's daughter who grows up to be the greatest beauty of her time; the brilliant, the dashing, the altogether favored and fascinating young men who collect around

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her and are all, in their different ways, in love with her; the war that kills the young men one by one, until only a single survivor of this extraordinary circle remains alive; her love for him and his for her; and their final, triumphant marriage—all this is too much like an old-fashioned romantic novel, or indeed penny novelette, to be immediately credible as part of real life. Yet it was part of real life—one wants to say, as real as real.

THE young men's names mean very little any longer; but you can still discern their promise and their quality in the fragments of letters from Edward Hurner and Patrick Shaw-Stewart and Raymond Asquith and the others that Lady Diana preserves. These were in fact the very persons whom Englishmen of Sir Winston Churchill's generation chiefly have in mind, when they lament the loss of too many of England's future leaders in the Flanders mud and on Gallipoli's cruel hills. Lady Diana was in fact the heart and center of their circle; to how great an extent, one can see in Shaw-Stewart's poignant farewell letter, written on his way to Gallipoli after a last leave in London. Of this circle, Duff Cooper was in fact the only survivor. He and she did in fact fall desperately in love; and their love letters, exchanged when he was at the front, are very nearly the best in English. And in the end, after ducal opposition to an imprudent match which comes dangerously close to giving the last penny-novelette touch to the story, the lovers were in fact triumphantly united.

No lives any longer have so much of color, so much of easy wasteful pleasure, so much, too, of the pleasures of the mind, and so much style and strong feeling and courage at the end, as the lives of these people had. If young people today were able to live and knew how to live as Lady Diana and her circle live in her book, they would not dare to do so; it would seem to them exaggerated to take life with both hands, and to press out all its essences with such freedom and such fervor. Intensity of experience nowadays is supposed to be the wretched privilege of the outcasts and the downtrodden and those who suffer. But it was not always so; intense experience could once go hand in hand with intensity of delight. And if you are inclined to be shocked, as some people perhaps will be, by this old order that gave so immense a share of all the good things to Lady Diana and her circle, remember that the young men died for their dying Athens at the last, and literally to the last man.

# When Society Was High

***"Double Exposure," by Gloria Vanderbilt and Thelma Lady Furness*** *(McKay. 369 pp. $5), is a candid revelation of the glitter—and heartache—that have been the lot of the celebrated Morgan twins. Our reviewer, Igor Cassini, has been delineating the American social scene as a newspaper reporter for seventeen years. For the past thirteen, he has been the* New York Journal American*'s widely-read columnist "Cholly Knickerbocker."*

By Igor Cassini

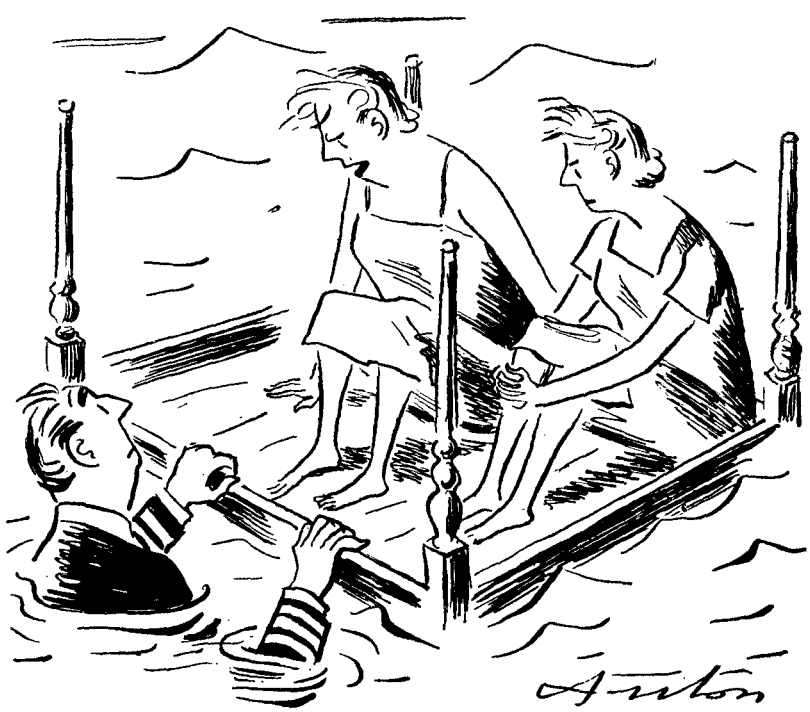
GOSSIP columnists have had a hard run for their money lately. No matter what they reveal about celebrities, it is never as startling as when the celebrities turn writers and tell it all in self-revealing recollection.

The double autobiography of Gloria Vanderbilt and her twin, Thelma Lady Furness, has all the elements of a best-seller, with a Hollywood treatment sure to follow. (But we don't envy the authors when it comes to obtaining clearances.)

This book has everything: beautiful young girls in love with love, moving in high society when society *was* high; a sensational lawsuit that dragged two of America's great family names through a dramatic custody case; royal amour involving that nonpareil romantic figure of the early twentieth century, the then Prince of Wales. And on every page glittering names drop like pearls from an unstrung Vanderbilt necklace—names of royalty, high finance, motion pictures, the theatre, the Social Register, and government.

Thelma and Gloria Morgan were the identical twins of a long-suffering American diplomat and his ancestor-worshipping wife of Spanish descent. The book is hardly begun before the reader gets a briefing to prepare him for the coming idiosyncracies of Mamma Morgan, a preface based on the authors' impressions of their mother's neurotic antimaternal behavior.

After this, the book rolls off on the well-greased wheels of an exotic childhood (the Morgans lived in Holland, Spain, France, Germany, England, Cuba, Belgium, and America). Early it shows how the precocious twosome became adroit at outsmarting Mamma (Papa was hardly any problem) so that by a deceptive ruse the two girls went to New York in



*—Punch (Ben Roth).*

**"If I remember rightly, you never asked us to your table."**

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1916 and wound up in the newspapers.

Some convent education in the U.S. failed to dampen the adolescent Morgans' will to have their own way. At sixteen, their parents in Europe, they were living unchaperoned in an apartment near Greenwich Village. Shortly after, with an assist from the social arbiter of the time, Maury Paul (the original "Cholly Knickerbocker") the Magical Morgans, by virtue of their beauty, wit, and originality, were well launched into the heady New York society of the day. Then it was that the Morgan girls discovered men and men discovered them.

Thelma eloped with Junior Converse and started on a social merry-go-round from Tuxedo Park to Saratoga, Belmont to Southampton. But "doomed to failure" is a mild cliché for the obvious outcome of a marriage between a sixteen-year-old beauty and an irresponsible young playboy.

While Thelma was involved in this youthful marital error, from which she was to escape with no serious complications, Gloria, at seventeen, was about to meet her destiny in the form of Reginald Vanderbilt, scion of one of America's wealthiest families. In her storybook wedding to this rich, indolent young man who could only pass his inheritance to his child, not his wife; in the birth of young Gloria, soon to be overpampered by grandmamma Morgan, and in Reggie's untimely death such a short time later, in 1925, lie the seeds of a tragedy that has hounded Gloria to this day.

Thelma recovered from Marriage No. 1 by going to Hollywood, where she had a whirl with Charlie Chaplin and a serious romance with fifty-one-year-old matinee idol Richard Bennett. Then in Paris she met red-headed Lord Furness. He was a rich English businessman who was to give her a title, wealth, a son, and a long happy, then unhappy marriage. Her life with "Duke" Furness ranges from the green years, when he flew plovers eggs from Holland to Paris at her whim, to the shock of her dawning realization that he was chronically unfaithful, and on to the disillusioned times when each went his own way.

Thelma's "way" was royal. She fell in love with the Prince of Wales and he with her. And after the Prince, Thelma went on to Aly Khan and movie actor Edmund Lowe. Eventually she and "Duke" were divorced.

Few things in contemporary reading are as satisfactory as a combatant from some famous scandal, court case, or conflict telling his *own* version of the story. Gloria reports how she was "framed" by her servants and her own mother, and gives her defense against the charges of neglect, immorality, and unfitness that lost her the legal possession of her child, any chance for a livable income from the Vanderbilt money and, eventually, the love of little Gloria altogether. Today the two Glorias have nothing to do with each other.

Assuming that Gloria Senior's "apologia" for her behavior is naturally prejudiced in her own favor, one still feels that fate dealt her a hard blow. It is one she has had to live with since the day Reggie Vanderbilt died, and there is a quality of junior-grade Greek tragedy here that clutches the heart. Gloria says the situation even ruined her later chances to marry Prince Friedel Hohenlohe.

The twins, through all these adventures and misadventures, remained close. They live together today as they did at sixteen, and there is something fitting in the apt reunion of the two who always seemed to feel each other's joys and sorrows.

The technique of this book is rather extraordinary. Gloria writes one paragraph, Thelma the next. No warning marks the shift for the reader so that endless restarts and rereadings are necessary. It is slightly disconcerting, but not a serious fault and perhaps it serves to emphasize their "oneness."

Aside from the more sensational pages, the charm of this book is in the comprehensive picture it gives of a world long gone—a world more stately, more ordered than our own, more glamorous, more formal, a world already as extinct as the Dodo. Though the twins have written of life through two world wars up to the present, what enthralls here is the glimpse of the Newport of 1924, the elite of America at play, Ziegfeld extravaganzas, motion pictures in their East and West Coast infancy, European nobility at Ascot and Longchamps.

There is a wealth of anecdote in "Double Exposure": Thelma teaching the Prince to embroider; the older Mrs. Vanderbilt calling for scissors in a restaurant as she cuts off a rope of pearls for her new daughter-in-law, Gloria.

We salute the indomitable Morgans for their self-revelations. What lives they have lived!

# Thirteen Years by Herself

***"On My Own," by Eleanor Roosevelt*** *(Harper. 241 pp. $4),* ***"Mrs. R: The Life of Eleanor Roosevelt," by Alfred Steinberg*** *(Putnam. 384 pp. $5), and* ***"Eleanor Roosevelt: Her Life in Pictures," by Richard Harrity and Ralph G. Martin*** *(Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 255 pp. $5.95), throw more light on the personality of a distinguished and distinctive First Lady. Bess Furman, who appraises the three volumes, is the author of "Washington By-Line" and "White House Profile."*

By Bess Furman

"NOW that I near the end of my active life . . ." Eleanor Roosevelt begins the dedication of her third volume of autobiography.

This thought would be quite a jolt to the public mind were it not for the fact that at the time of its appearance Mrs. Roosevelt, acting very much like her usual self, was just flying in from another reporting trip to Russia. And in less time than it takes to tell about it, she had given this country a new briefing on foreign affairs and had become embroiled in a domestic controversy over right-to-work laws.

However, Eleanor Roosevelt was seventy-four years old on October eleventh. It is now twenty-five years since she entered the White House. She has been on her own for thirteen years. Obviously the time has arrived for stocktaking.

One conclusion is that Eleanor Roosevelt is, and will challenge future generations as, an historic personality to be evaluated apart from, as well as together with, her husband.

Another is that Eleanor Roosevelt is, and probably will remain for many years, her own best biographer. She has a gift for sharing—simply and fully—her life of walking with kings but keeping the common touch.

And what an array of rulers have been her guests at Hyde Park, or her hosts on United Nations missions and global trips since FDR died: Nehru, Haile Selassie, the Royal Family of England, Queen Juliana (enhancing a Dutch university degree for Mrs. Roosevelt with royal coach and women outriders), Tito, the Sultan of Morocco, the Emperor and Empress of Japan, and Nikita Khrushchev!

Not among them is Chiang Kai-shek, and Mrs. Roosevelt takes time to tell precisely why she did not go to Taipei. She thought the Generalissimo had had his chance, had failed to unify his people, and would not

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A young Eleanor and Franklin Roosevelt just returned from their honeymoon in 1905.

get another chance. Had she gone, she would have had to tell his wife that she thought this—and so she didn't go.

Equally frank on the domestic front, she adds a footnote to her brush with young Senator John Kennedy, of Massachusetts, on the matter of not being for him for Vice President as he had not denounced McCarthyism. His friends had protested this judgment after it appeared in a magazine article. She made clear that only active and continuing opposition has her approval.

Quite understandably, Alfred Steinberg's "Mrs. R" is less clear-cut than her own book. The jacket states that he has had first access to her personal papers; in the opinion of this reviewer he has found them all too enchanting;

(*Continued on page* 36)

—*Illustrations from "Eleanor Roosevelt: Her Life in Pictures."*

**Mrs. Roosevelt, who learned the "back-seat" campaigning technique from Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, shown here in 1940 when she reconciled her husband's party to his running mate.**



# A Mighty March of Tireless Men

***"Land of Giants: The Drive to the Pacific Northwest, 1750-1950," by David Lavender*** *(Doubleday. 468 pp. $5.95), is the latest addition to the Mainstream of America series. A. B. Guthrie, Jr., who wrote "The Big Sky" and "The Way West," evaluates Mr. Lavender's achievement in weaving together the numerous and variegated strands of his colorful story.*

By A. B. Guthrie, Jr.

FEW subjects are so dramatic and so difficult as the struggle for the Pacific Northwest—the drive to the Pacific Northwest, as David Lavender calls it in his subtitle. It lasted, roughly, for a century. Contesting nationals sought the short cut to Cathay. They found and exterminated the sea otter, while exterminating many of themselves. Inland, they fell upon beaver and upon one another, in the process forfeiting still other lives to nature and aborigine. They toiled incredibly for the advantage of company and country, seeking water and land routes to coastal and interior trade. They explored and exploited. They lodged claims and counterclaims. They fought with words and with weapons. And the ambitions and participations and destinies of nations were inseparable from their strivings.

The sum of reports on the subject is substantial. Mr. Lavender devotes no less than ten pages to his bibliography. But for the most part the literature exists in bits and pieces and is widely dispersed and has waited for someone to bring it together. Here the reader familiar with De Voto's "Course of Empire" will pause to compare. Both are accounts of the long push to and the long pull of the West. They do duplicate, though not enough by far to make pointless reading of either for the reader of the other. De Voto's book begins earlier in time and ends sooner. Its direction is West, but its embrace more general, from the West that all America once was to the north coastal regions (in company with Lewis and Clark) that are Lavender's primary concern. Let comparisons end with that.

Except for one necessary addition. Save for interspersions, De Voto reported nothing later than the Lewis and Clark expedition. With his account of the trip he was through. Though Lavender necessarily deals with the expedition, too, he goes on, on beyond the limits perhaps suggested by the first paragraph of this review, on past the 1846 settlement of the Oregon boundary dispute, on clear to 1950. Two centuries, of international conflict, internal conflict, adjustment, or degrees of it.

From Lewis and Clark, Lavender proceeds to the inland fur trade, to Astoria, to the War of 1812 and beyond, to the migration to Oregon, to the missionaries and their experiences, to territorial politics, to Western Indian wars, to surveys of railroads and railroad building, to the discovery of gold and its aftermath of banditry, to Butte and its copper kings. The list is random and incomplete but still may suggest the integrated variety and exhaustiveness of the book. Only a man of great devotion and greater energies could have written it.

It is possible, here and there, to quarrel with Lavender. One may say, out of prejudice perhaps, that too little is made of the Lewis and Clark expedition, a conclusion that the scanty bibliography on the subject enforces. One may wonder if more space should not have been given to the fur brigades and the discovery

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and use of South Pass. One may argue that the final section of the book—a section devoted to the Northwest's experience in conservation but limited to trees, fish, and water—is more an addendum than a proper part of his subject. One may feel annoyance at mannerisms of style.

These, though, are trifles against the general excellence. Mr. Lavender has taken a hard subject, which a less conscientious man would have slighted and a less courageous one despaired of, and has given it hard research, hard thought, hard work. He has fitted the established bits and pieces into an engrossing whole. Reading it, we can believe that history trod here, that issues existed, that men schemed and dreamed and struggled, and so the present came to be. The final sentiment is one of admiration that a man with so demanding an ambition should so largely achieve it.

# Giant Spectacle Born of a Stream

***"Grand Canyon and All Its Yesterdays," by Joseph Wood Krutch*** *(Sloane. 276 pp. $5), captures, in so far as that is possible, the overwhelming grandeur of one of the world's scenic wonders. Walter Prescott Webb, author of "The Great Plains," reports for* SR *on Mr. Krutch's picture of this American "pleasuring ground."*

By Walter Prescott Webb

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH'S book, "Grand Canyon," is to a 600-word review of it what the Grand Canyon is to any book about it, including Krutch's. This is indeed a high compliment. I have seen a good many of the natural wonders of America, and the Grand Canyon is the only well-advertised one that came up to my expectations. Niagara Falls did not fall more than one-tenth the distance I had imagined; Mammoth Cave would have given me claustrophobia without the guide's light; Old Faithful suggested a display at a carnival; and the Garden of the Gods would have been no credit to the devil. I have been oversold by the picture postcards and travel literature on all of these. They were in many ways magnificent, but not as magnificent as my imagination.

Yet this same imagination was inadequate for the Grand Canyon. No painter, no poet, and no writer has ever been able to take away more than a fragment of its awesome magnitude and appalling beauty. The Grand Canyon cannot be imagined.

Joseph Wood Krutch has come nearer comprehending the Canyon than any writer I have read.

> What I hope to write about [says the author in the first chapter] is both what it [the Grand Canyon] has meant to the imagination and what I have learned about its uniquely revealing history of the earth. The Canyon is . . . two things besides spectacle. It is a biological unit and the most revealing single page of earth's history anywhere open on the face of the globe.

The author confesses that he had much difficulty in finding any order in the riot of color and fantastically chiseled earth forms. For twenty years he visited Grand Canyon at intervals, and finally he studied it from the air and began to see the plan nature had followed in making it. The fact that he knows the American West so well, and has come to love it so much, has enabled him to put the Canyon in its arid setting. His own difficulty in understanding it and his artistry with the English language have enabled him to make the process of Canyon sculpture clear to the lay reader, and maybe to the confused spectator.

Krutch claims that geology is a common-sense subject, and he even makes it appear so. In 1795 James Hutton advanced a theory upon which geology is founded and that was that the geological forces which operate now are the forces that have always operated in the formation of the earth. The Grand Canyon began with a stream, the Colorado, running across a plateau in search of the sea. It cut a small and meandering channel, and then the plateau began to rise, but not too fast for the river, which cut deeper and deeper until it is today a mile below the original surface. The bluffs fell off above to make the Canyon ten miles wide, and in doing so revealed the successive layers that form the inside of the earth. Because these layers vary in materials and in texture they vary in color and these colors shift with the lights and shadows throughout the day and night.

At the end of the book the author makes a plea for the preservation of America's wild spots. He rejoices that the United States was the first highly developed nation to set aside natural areas as "pleasuring grounds" for all the people. He is apprehensive that these areas of natural beauty are now in danger from those who want to convert all the timber into lumber, all the grass into beef—or worse, into mutton—and all roadside beauty spots into tourist courts or subdivisions. He wants a few places—not many—reserved for those who love nature for itself alone.

# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

## SHORT STARTS

Here are the first lines of ten poems, each line consisting of only two words. Lysander Kemp of Jocotepec, Mexico, asks you to match up the scrambled authors and titles. Key Column Two and Column Three on Column One. Answers on page 37.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. The illustration | ( ) Robert Herrick | ( ) "In Tenebris" |
| 2. In amaze | ( ) William Carlos Williams | ( ) "Life in a Love" |
| | | ( ) "Mist" |
| 3. At Rochecoart | ( ) Edgar Allan Poe | ( ) "To a Steam Roller" |
| 4. Wintertime nighs | ( ) Alexander Pope | ( ) "Eldorado" |
| 5. Opusculum paedagogum | ( ) Henry D. Thoreau | ( ) "Death" |
| 6. Though clock | ( ) Ezra Pound | ( ) "Ode to Quinbus Flestrin" |
| 7. Escape me? | ( ) Marianne Moore | ( ) "Study of Two Pears" |
| 8. He's dead | ( ) Thomas Hardy | ( ) "His Grange" |
| 9. Low-anchored cloud | ( ) Robert Browning | ( ) "Provincia Deserta" |
| 10. Gaily bedight | ( ) Wallace Stevens | |

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# Days of Lou and Dan McGrew

***"The Klondike Fever: The Life and Death of the Last Great Gold Rush," by Pierre Berton*** *(Knopf. 457 pp. $5.75), is about the sourdoughs who some fifty years ago rushed to Dawson City, Skagway, and Dyea. Stewart H. Holbrook, our reviewer, is the author of several books about pioneering characters in American history. He wrote "Mr. Otis" in his role as a prospector in art.*

By Stewart H. Holbrook

THE author of this book was born in Whitehorse and spent his boyhood in the crumbling remains of immortal Dawson City, where the past seemed infinitely more real than the present. "My whole life," he writes, "has been conditioned by the Klondike."

The Klondike refers not only to a small tributary of the Yukon river, but to an era when thousands of men suddenly dropped whatever they were doing and took off for the diggings in a climate as bitter as could be imagined. Klondike gold came fearful high. Comparatively few prospectors ever got any, but those who survived the Rush never forgot the experience. Half a century later, sourdough conventions are still held not only in the Yukon and Alaska, but up and down the Pacific Coast, where oldtimers gather periodically to tell each other of the days when Big Alex McDonald, George Carmack, and Swiftwater Bill Gates helped to form the enduring legend of The Rush of Ninety-Eight.

Although this book centers on Dawson City, the very hub of the excitement, it deals also with the Alaskan seaports of Skagway and Dyea; it was here that a majority of gold seekers began to climb the passes into Canadian territory. It deals, too, with Nome and lesser strikes that followed the Klondike. Indeed, I know of no other one-volume account of the place and period equal in scope to Mr. Berton's. Well researched and organized, written with feeling and an eye for the drama of the subject—yet not overwritten—it is as near a definitive account as we are likely to have of an affair as wildly improbable as anything in Canadian-American history.

Lay readers should be warned, however, that Mr. Berton's story differs in many details from what have become virtually sacred legends; and they should know that the average sourdough, pseudo and otherwise, is of a breed of dedicated fanatics, as prone to controversy as were the alleged survivors of the Custer Massacre. In other words, each has his own stoutly-held version of what happened at Bonanza, on Eldorado and Orphir creeks, and even about the Malamute saloon and Dangerous Dan McGrew (which and who were conjured up by Robert Service, the Klondike poet, who died in 1958, wealthy from the gold he panned on, let us say, Doggerel creek). I have listened to many inspired liars who recalled and identified "the stranger fresh from the creeks" and "the lady who was known as Lou." I venture to say Mr. Berton will get sharp notes from these characters.

Though the author is tolerant with many standard myths, he does not accept them but seeks, gently enough, to indicate their falsity. He rightly considers the Klondike story is rich enough, and sufficiently gaudy, cruel, heart-warming, and preposterous, without ornamentation, to make a narrative to hold the attention. It glows, rises, and fades, again and again, much like its superb backdrop of Northern Lights.

The reader could well begin this book with "A Note on Sources" before turning to the main text. But wherever he begins, so does the fascination inherent in the subject of stark-mad men seeking metal. Mr. Berton is not to be hurried; just because the Chilkoot and White pass routes were the most popular, he does not ignore those by St. Michael, Copper River, the British Columbia Interior, and Edmonton, Alberta. One gets a panorama and comparison of them all. The same goes for the many methods of actual extraction of gold.

The Klondike is one of the really great stories of the continent. There was nothing like it before, not even the California Rush of Forty-Nine. Mr. Berton has done it proud. He slips when he gives the Black Hills to Idaho; and I never knew Wild Bill Hickok was seen in Leadville, Colorado; but in his orbit of the Yukon, I'll accept Berton's word on everything. However, this fine book could do with at least one good map.

—*From the book.*

Mabel Barbee Lee as freshman at Colorado College, 1902 . . . gold-mining girlhood.

# Mining Town Miss

***"Cripple Creek Days," by Mabel Barbee Lee*** *(Doubleday. 388 pp. $3.95), recounts, for the most part, the author's vivid youth in a booming, wild West town. Walter Magnes Teller, who teaches writing at The New School in New York, reviews Mrs. Lee's memoir.*

By Walter Magnes Teller

WORKING her recollections of her gold-mining camp girlhood and the files of forgotten papers such as the *Weekly Crusher,* Mabel Barbee Lee panned out a good book. "Far away among the sandstone ridges of southwestern Utah," she begins, "word of the fabulous gold strike in the Cripple Creek District reached father, Johnson R. Barbee, and wakened a familiar slumbering urge in him. . . . Restlessness was in his blood."

Though nearing fifty, Johnson Barbee in the summer of 1892 left the pleasant town of Silver Reef, where he had a nice house and modestly producing mine, and headed for the gold in Colorado. "A miner has no choice but to go where the mines are," he explained to his young wife, Kitty, and to Mabel, their eight-year-old daughter. Weeks later he was writing from Cripple Creek that conditions there were the worst he had ever seen. Men slept on billiard tables and saloon floors, or paid fifty cents to sit a few hours in a hotel lobby chair. Fortunately, he had taken his tent and bedding. In his own words, Johnson Barbee was "a free agent, beholden to nobody."

A Democrat and backsliding Baptist,

(*Continued on page* 37)

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# The Triumph of Boris Pasternak

Editor's Note: *This week's guest-editorial is by Harrison Salisbury, Moscow correspondent for* The New York Times *from 1949 to 1954.*

In the fury of political propaganda set off by the award of the Nobel Prize for Literature there is serious danger that the nature of Boris Pasternak and his work may be cast into the shadow.

What the Nobel committee has done is to pay homage to the nobility of man, to the courage of the solitary hero, to the individual as opposed to the mob. It has honored not only a literary talent but a philosophy of life and a life lived according to that philosophy.

There has been some surprise that out of the charnel house of art erected by Stalin should arise a gift so free and vaulting, a mind that shrugs off shackles, a poet of humanity, a critic not only of the land which he distinguishes by his presence but of the age and civilization of which he is a part.

Such surprise is rooted in an unawareness of the dialectics of nature and in an underevaluation of the force of human spirit. Indeed, it may be that only in Russia, only in a soil deep scarred with ideological plows, could such genius be nurtured. The harsh knout of Russian dictatorship has yielded us a century of poets, philosophers, creators, and thinkers. If Czarist intrigue set the stage for the deaths of Pushkin and Lermontov, if Dostoievsky faced a Czarist firing squad and went in exile to Siberia, if Tolstoy, Chekhov, and Turgenev felt the hand of Russian censorship and Russian oppression the world engraved their names in golden letters. The names of their persecutors are long forgotten. Pasternak's life and work are in the great tradition.

The official Soviet detractors have said that in "Dr. Zhivago" Pasternak has betrayed the Bolshevik Revolution and provided his country's enemies with a useful weapon. Such rubbishy talk merely betrays how little these men understand what Pasternak is about.

It is true that he rejects "the modern coddling and worshiping of man," holding that such systems are based on a false premise and "pathetically amateurish." He has little faith in current practices of social betterment in Russia, but he concedes that there have been "wonderful, unforgettable" achievements in the care of workers, the protection of mothers, and the curbing of the money power. Of the Revolution itself and of Lenin Pasternak speaks in terms of awe. His attack is against the miscarriage of the Revolution, against the "fanatical men of action with their one-track minds" who fill the world with fanaticism which "is worshiped for decades, thereafter for centuries." And he is repelled by the "revolutionary madness"—the mass guilt feeling which produced a compulsive desire to confess—even to confess false crimes.

Even these profound caveats are secondary, however, to the basic conflict between Pasternak and the order in which he finds himself. This conflict has to do with the nature of life and of living, of the relationship between the individual and society.

"Man," says Pasternak, "is born to life, not to prepare for life. Life, itself, the phenomenon of life, the gift of life is so breathtakingly serious. So why substitute this childish harlequinade of immature fantasies, these schoolboy escapades?

"When I hear people speak of reshaping life it makes me lose my self-control and I fall into despair," he says. "Reshaping life! People who can say that have never understood a thing about life—they have never felt its breath, its heartbeat, however much they may have seen or done. They look on it as a lump of raw material that needs to be processed by them, to be ennobled by their touch. But life is never a material, a substance to be molded . . . Life is constantly renewing and remaking and changing and transfiguring itself . . ."

Thus, Pasternak takes his stand and sets himself apart from the modern tendency, not only the tendency of his own country but the tendency of conformist, materialist America. The Soviet propagandists who suppose that Pasternak has merely stripped from Communist life its veil of sham and hypocrisy have missed the mark entirely. Pasternak's indictment covers the Organization Man as well as the Party Man.

"The fashion," he writes, "nowadays is all for groups and societies of every sort. Gregariousness is always the refuge of mediocrities, whether they swear by Soloviev or Kant or Marx. Only individuals seek the truth."

This is the heart of Pasternak. His lovers are concerned with "the riddle of life, the riddle of death, the enchantment of genius, the enchantment of unadorned beauty" and not with "the small worries of practical life—things like the reshaping of the planet." They live in the imminent presence of death. Tragedy is their chaperon. Lonely they live and lonely die. But in their life they are complete in themselves. They expect nothing and they are not disappointed. It is out of this solitary contemplation that Pasternak has gathered the strength to fulfill, as he says, his duty as a writer, to bear witness as an artist, to write of the times through which he has lived.

Perhaps, as Pasternak suggests, it is only when "all customs and traditions, all our way of life, everything to do with home and order, has crumbled into dust in the general upheaval and reorganization of society," only after the whole "human way of life has been destroyed and ruined" that we finally perceive "the naked human soul stripped to the last shred."

Such is Pasternak's message to the world—to his own Revolution-wracked Russia and to our slick technocratic society. It is probably only in the fire and stress of forty desperate years that this brave, resonant philosophy could be forged. Once again to Russia are we indebted for revealing to us the triumph of man over the world in which he lives.

—Harrison Salisbury.

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### NO ONE LIKED US

I EXPRESS my appreciation for Ashley Montagu's article on modern American woman (*SR* Sept. 27). He has stated the problem well, and this is the first sensible solution I've read. Until recently, I had a distinct feeling that nobody liked us women any more.

CARLOTTA GRAYDON.

Sepulveda, Calif.

### OPPOSE "TOGETHERNESS"

IF THE AMERICAN woman is to receive "a great deal of sympathetic understanding and considerable help," if we are ever adequately to define the roles of male and female in our society, then the active opposition of "togetherness" seems a likely place to begin.

DONALD B. GIBSON.

Providence, R. I.

### INTERRUPTED PROGRAM

THE PROFESSOR'S thoughts are elegantly displayed in a dynaflow style pinpointed with just enough "paradoxes," "statuses," and "minority groups" to satisfy snobs without discouraging less pretentious intellects. However, when this latest-fashion sack is removed, we discover the three fateful words made famous by a greater master of propaganda: "Kinder, Kirche, Küche."

JEANNE B. SCHWARTZ.

Great Neck, N. Y.

### ONLY AFTER VICTORY

MONTAGU SUGGESTS that women be satisfied to dispense love to their males and their offspring, that they abandon the need to compete with men, that they be thankful they go to the polls one day a year to vote for an all-male slate. But American women know their struggle for full equality has only just begun, and only when they have won the fight will the destructive kind of competition no longer be necessary.

ROBERT KOCH.

New Haven, Conn.

### WHERE THE SUBJECTS?

WHERE AUTHORS of these articles pick up the women they observe has long been a mystery to many of us. Most of the women, married with small children, who cross my path are women who enjoy friendship with their husbands as well as love. These women appreciate their husbands, show their affection and respect for them, pack lunches when husbands go off for camping vacation trips, go along when invited to do so.

MAXINE SCHOGGEN.

Eugene, Ore.

### WORLD OF EXPERIMENTS

RAYMOND SWING'S prescription for peace (*SR* Oct. 4) makes good sense. Swing is quite right in assuming that small steps at the start and a gradual development of mutual trust and confidence will be possible if we deal with the Russians as equals; if we accept the fact that they are a great power and are here to stay. The world is big enough a laboratory for each nation to experiment in its own way. Given a full generation of peace for these experiments, each nation free to exploit the three new revolutionary forces—peace, atomic energy, and automation—very likely each will profit by the successes and failures of the others.

IRVING H. FLAMM.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

### WITNESS AND VICTIM

A FOREIGN POLICY of co-existence by mutual trust and confidence, as suggested by Swing, is sheer nonsense. Time and again the U.S. has been both a witness to, and victim of, the USSR's duplicity in international relations. Nothing leads one to conclude that a transformation in basic Russian policy has occurred.

HOWARD PERSKY.

Silver Spring, Md.

### CLOSE COURSES?

IN HER "EDITOR: Midwife or Meddler" (*SR* Oct 11) Miss Catherine Drinker Bowen writes like the other half of a mutual-admiration society. She says: "Outside of the publishing business, skilled critics of manuscript are seldom to be found." If this be true, then I think every university offering courses in creative writing ought to close its doors.

CHRISTOPHER S. BLAKE.

New Orleans, La.

"Your marks are terrible. Get your mind off football and buckle down to work."

### BAD MIDWIFERY

AS A WOULD-BE someday novelist, it is my feeling that this "interference" with creativity by editors is what is making the literature of our era so disgustingly stereotyped, predictable, and boring. The analogy of "midwife" was rather amusing to me. True, the midwife has a *bona fide* place in helping to bring forth creation—but the editorial midwife usurps his position by not allowing the pure creation to come forth—birthmarks, flaws, etc.—but by standardizing creation into unnatural, limited confines.

SHIRLEY HOLZMAN.

Woodside, N. Y.

### THE LIE OF THE BULLFIGHT

A HEARTY "BRAVA" for Ruth Fisher's letter, "No Nobility in Torture" (*SR* Sept. 13). Evidently, this era of mass and ignoble inhumanity of man to man has deluded many people into thinking that cruelty to animals, if it involves some human courage, is somehow ennobling to mankind in general. Actually, the notion that the ritual courage of bullfighting can render the cruelty irrelevant only helps to increase the immunity of man's hateful and violent impulses.

JOHN GULICK.

Chapel Hill, N.C.

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## SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

### A Long Way for a Movie

TO THE true movie lover, the announcement that the Belgian Film Library had assembled the twelve "best films of all time" and was going to present them as the concluding event of the Brussels Worlds Fair was every bit as exciting as the news of an exhibit of the masterworks of Leonardo, Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Rubens, and Picasso. Particularly when its organizers promised to display, in addition, a number of little-known, rarely-seen pictures from the remoter collections of the world, and to bring together a number of the people—artists, critics, and historians—who could best talk about them.

The list of "best films," compiled from the votes of 117 film experts from twenty-six different countries, included (in order of selection) "Potemkin," "The Gold Rush," "The Bicycle Thief," "The Passion of Joan of Arc," "Grand Illusion," "Greed," "Intolerance," "Mother," "Citizen Kane," "Earth," "The Last Laugh," and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." The men who were to discuss them and select from this list the one that still held the greatest value for contemporary film makers were young directors identified with creative achievement in their own countries—Robert Aldrich from Hollywood, Alexandre Astruc from France, Juan Bardem from Spain, Michael Cacoyannis from Greece, Alexander Mackendrick from England, Francesco Maselli from Italy, and Satyajit Ray from India.

Through a happy combination of circumstances, I was able to "*assist*," as they say in Belgium, in this "*confrontation*." Leaving New York at 7 p.m. on one of Pan-American's economy flights—known as the "sandwich special"—I arrived in Brussels at two the following afternoon. If I may turn Horace Sutton for the moment, at this time of the year the planes to Europe are far from crowded and an economy flight can become almost pure luxury. There is no filet mignon or champagne, but Pan-Am's hostesses served all the sandwiches and coffee that one could eat, and after that I stretched out across three chairs for a good night's rest. It was just as well. By three o'clock I was out at the Fair looking at a Russian archive copy of "Potemkin," and I got precious little sleep from that moment on.

True to his word, Jacques Ledoux, the able curator of the Belgian Cinémathèque, had assembled prints of pictures so rare as to be almost legendary, and these were screened in almost continuous sessions beginning at 10:30 in the morning and running on into the late afternoon. At six and nine in the evening, the regular "best films" screenings took place. In addition, visits were arranged to the Disney Circarama at the American Pavilion, Kinopanorama (the Russian version of Cinerama) at the Soviet Pavilion, and to the delightful and ingenious Czechoslovakian "Lanterna Magica," a skilful blending of live action and multi-screen films. Several discussion panels, aided by instantaneous translations on tiny transistor radios loaned free of charge to the audience, completed the week's activities. All in all, it was a remarkable over-view of the medium.

What made this more than just another showing of old films for a coterie of esthetes and specialists, however, was the presence in Brussels of a large, enthusiastic, even vociferous audience that often swamped the 2,000-seat auditorium. At the screening of the "*version integrale*" of Jean Renoir's "Grand Illusion"—which had been shown in France since the war minus all scenes favorable to the Germans and with Dita Parlo (reputedly a collaborationist) completely eliminated—so many patrons stormed the theatre that a second hall had to be opened up, and even so hundreds were disappointed. The showing of "Passion of Joan of Arc" produced prolonged applause, "Citizen Kane" was cheered; Vittorio de Sica, on hand to introduce his "Bicycle Thief," received a standing ovation. And when the seven judges announced their final decision (unable to settle upon a single film, they narrowed the list from twelve to six), the howls and boos shook the hall—and the judges. There were harangues from the balcony, angry questions from the floor, furious shouts of "*Ou est* Orson Welles?" It was wonderful to be part of an audience that took its films not only seriously but passionately.

Actually, as the directors themselves pointed out in the open discussion that followed the announcement, they had been set an impossible task. The dynamic editing style that Eisenstein created for his propagandist "Potemkin" could scarcely be equated with Chaplin's achievement in universalizing his tramp character in "The Gold Rush"; both the quality and the intent of the realism in Von Stroheim's "Greed" and de Sica's "Bicycle Thief" were of a different order, although each was the perfect embodiment of its creator's purpose; several of the directors admitted that "Citizen Kane" had had an important influence on their own work, but felt that it summarized earlier achievements instead of breaking new ground. And even though many in the audience that final night seemed to feel cheated of the ultimate revelation, the name of *the* greatest film of all time, I found myself in complete sympathy with the judges. Any such selection would not only have produced additional howls of outrage, it would be meaningless as well. How can you choose one Michelangelo above one Leonardo, or ignore Rembrandt as a creative force in favor of Picasso?

THAT is what, in my opinion, made this recent presentation in Brussels so overwhelmingly important. It emphasized the manifold traditions of the motion picture as they have been developed by film makers around the world through actual showings of many of the pictures that established them. And invited to Brussels were the very people who should be most acutely aware of these traditions—the critics, historians, and film makers.

To my mind, if this "*confrontation*" had done nothing more than confront seven young, serious directors from as many film-producing nations with these twelve incontestable masterpieces, it would have fully justified its existence. (All of them confessed that they had seen at best a handful of the selections.) But its supplementary showings, its organized panels and informal, late-night discussions in bars, restaurants, and hotel rooms all over town, and above all the atmosphere of respect, enthusiasm, and downright love for the medium that pervaded the Festival created an indelible impression of a healthy art only just beginning to discover its potentials. Not once did I hear that the movies are dying. Nobody said about a single picture, "But it's not commercial." No one had come either to buy or to sell—only to see and to learn.

New York to Brussels is a long way to go to see a movie. I can say, without equivocation, that it was worth it. My only hope now is that some enterprising American exhibitors will bring together these same prints and make them available to a wider audience over here.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

## Reunions That Don't Reune

"The Pleasure of His Company," by Samuel Taylor and Cornelia Otis Skinner, is a tepid comedy which only succeeds by comparison with the other shows that have gotten us off to Broadway's dreariest season in years. The play's central figure is Pogo Poole, "an aging adolescent" who after fifteen years of international playboying returns to be present at his daughter's wedding. The formalities of civil behavior between this charming amoralist, his daughter's stepfather and his ex-wife give opportunity for amusing talk and comic reaction. Indeed, as long as Pogo can attack the moralists on behalf of his purely hedonistic existence the play is entertaining.

But when the advantage shifts and Pogo suffers a setback in his efforts to seduce his daughter, the play stalls. And the ending, when the daughter decides to postpone her marriage and go off with her father alone for a yacht cruise on the Mediterranean, leaves us confused. Through the character of the girl's philosophizing grandfather, it has been suggested that modern young ladies of twenty-one should set out to have the time of their lives and then breed at a time of their own choosing. Does this time of their lives include possible incest with their fathers? The play evades the question. Its weak conclusion leaves the theatregoer empty-headed.

Cyril Ritchard's Pogo is brilliant when he is sophisticated, self-centered and witty and only nominally satisfactory when he is accepting his comeuppance. Walter Abel is explosively funny as the stepfather who cannot suppress his annoyance at Pogo's irresponsible behavior. Charles Ruggles remains hilariously aloof as the dry grandfather who likes to throw radical bombs in complacent living rooms. George Peppard's angry fiance is so forcefully played that we question Jessica's decision to postpone her marriage with a man he has so completely exposed. Here was the place for the playwrights to defend the life of pleasure with the same skill Noel Coward did in "Present Laughter." The audience may not be convinced that Pogo is right, but it should be convinced that his daughter is convinced he is. One suspects that "The Pleasure of His Company" may have been a better play before it decided to be pleasant company.

AFTER five seasons, the Phoenix Theatre has at last made up its mind to become a theatre with character. To do this, it has hired as permanent resident director Stuart Vaughan, the young man who managed to give Shakespeare-in-Central-Park distinction and force. Mr. Vaughan may have a similar success at the Phoenix, but it will be a race with this theatre's dwindling supply of deficit-financing which cannot keep the theatre going beyond three plays this season. Any readers who have acquired a faith in Mr. Vaughan through his work in Central Park may help by subscribing to his season at the Phoenix.

Unfortunately, the faithful will not be rewarded immediately, as Mr. Vaughan's popular red-blooded approach has not worked too well with T. S. Eliot's **"The Family Reunion."** Perhaps this is because, unlike Shakespeare, the talk in T. S. Eliot's 1939 drama is less related to action than it is to the guilty conscience of a too-passive society that expresses its feelings with the utmost reserve. However, the production defects of this difficult play are partially offset by the privilege of being able to see Florence Reed and Lillian Gish back on the stage again, Margaretta Warwick's amusing portrait of a stony-visaged British cousin, and an occasional line of superior poetry effectively spoken. —HENRY HEWES.


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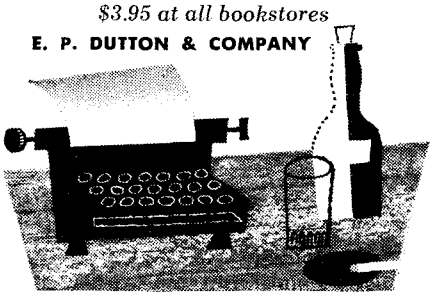

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## MUSIC TO MY EARS

### Casals, Loyalist—Ashkenazy—Tebaldi in "Tosca"

A SPANISH (more precisely, Catalonian) cellist playing German music to the accompaniment of a Polish pianist gave a practical demonstration of high-level international cooperation in observance of the thirteenth annual United Nations Day at its headquarters in New York. Returning to New York after an absence of thirty years, Pablo Casals rendered an act of homage to its principals even higher on the moral scale than stubborn adherence to his own resolve not to play in countries which might have resisted Franco's dictatorship. A loyalist to the last, Casals remained loyal to his own position, for the U.N. by treaty is international soil, not American.

Whatever the juridical aspects, Casals made a momentous musical occasion of a concert broadcast to the largest public which had ever heard a single musical event. And he made his own private symbol of it by again playing the D major sonata (No. 2) of Bach, which had been the focus of attention when he last played in New York on February 26, 1928, in Town Hall. The pianist then was Nicolai Mednikoff, the one now Mieczyslaw Horszowski of many memorable collaborations. To say that Casals improves with age may seem merely polite or even verbiage, but he earned the accolade with a performance more secure than when heard in Perpignan in 1953.

Meticulous preparation was evident in the beautifully controlled phrases (once he had played himself into concert concentration) with that purity of sound and flexibility of accent which have been his stylistic mark for fifty years. One could see (even more acutely in the Sunday reprise on TV) all those refinements of fingering, bowing, and positional placement which gave the cello a new personality in his hands. Among many details was a long-held low B near the end of the adagio in which the eye could see the bow change, but the ear could not detect a break. This would have been a notable feat for a man in the prime of middle years; it attested (at eighty-two) to miraculous coordination and magnificent self-confidence. With such physical power at his command, it may be assumed that this was Bach of Casals's always lofty standards, potent vigor, and vibrant meaning. Horszowski's piano-playing was worthy of an occasion in which Richard Burgin, concertmaster of the by-sitting Boston Symphony, rose from his seat to turn Casals's pages, and Fritz Kreisler, Isaac Stern, Renata Tebaldi, and Rudolf Serkin were among the applauding listeners. There were also stirring performances by the orchestra under Charles Munch of the hardbitten but purposeful Fifth Symphony of Honegger and the Fourth of Brahms.

VLADIMIR ASHKENAZY, the young Russian winner of the 1956 Brussels piano competition who made his Carnegie Hall debut on the evening of the same day, is the rare kind of new talent who plays simple, expressive, heartfelt music as well or even better than he does the flashy intricate kind (which, by the way, he plays well enough). In and around such showpieces as Liszt's "Mephisto" waltz and the E major scherzo of Chopin he showed himself capable of a luscious singing tone, real coloristic detail, and a fine sense of melodic phrasing in the quieter portions of Rachmaninoff's "Variations on a Theme of Corelli" and the Brahms-Handel set. To this taste, Ashkenazy is a musical personality of broader, more personalized feeling than his senior colleague Gilels, not so severely disciplined in his musical approach. He is, at twenty-one, not yet at the fulfilment stage to sustain the Brahms variations on a mounting continuity from beginning to end, but these are limitations of experience, not talent. His abundant gifts have been brought to a high pitch of effectiveness by his mentors without throttling the impulses of a truly poetic pianist.

IN a week of varied piano performance, some of the most musical was heard from Eugene Istomin as soloist in the Schumann concerto with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra and Leonard Bernstein in Carnegie Hall. There was little in Istomin's conception of this work to which one could enter objection and much for which the listener was enjoyably grateful. What marred total pleasure were little maladjustments of emphasis within the congruous frame, a misapplied accent or dynamic stress that erupted in a flowing sequence. Paraphrasing one of the late Richard Strauss's remarks about conductors, one might suggest to

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Istomin: "When you think you aren't going slow enough, go a little faster." Bernstein concluded his four weeks with a rousing performance of Debussy's "Iberia," relocated to come last in the sequence of "Images pour Orchestra." The American music of this sequence was Chadwick's "Melpomene" overture and Foote's "Night Piece for Flute and Strings," the latter made memorable by John Wummer's beautiful performance of the solo part.

IT WAS off with the new, on with the old at the "Tosca" which opened Rudolf Bing's ninth season as general manager of the Metropolitan Opera. For those who pay attention to the stage rather than the foyers on such occasions, there was promise of novelty enough in the return of Renata Tebaldi after a full season's absence, working with such able associates as Mario del Monaco and George London under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos. A box-office take of $85,000 would give enough sense of the new, otherwise, to offset some old variations on the old theme of who was wearing what.

Mitropoulos has directed some stirring "Toscas" since his first in 1955, but this was not one of them. He seemed to share the view of the audience that an opening night is an occasion for singers to renew acquaintance with their public, indulging del Monaco and Tebaldi in whatever lengths they chose to prolong their ecstacies (London is too sound an artist to make an issue merely of sound).

Miss Tebaldi received a tempestuous welcome at her entry and a tumult of "Bravas" for a "Vissi d'arte" that began slowly, arching to a leisurely climax in which power was more a factor than eloquence. In between there was a glow on the voice from the middle of the first act duet onward, a fulness and control that were good to hear, if not productive of the theatrical illusion that makes a Tosca convincing. The youth and good looks she brings to the part are all in her favor; the lack of subtlety or growth in dramatic detail not much in the listener's. Hard use is beginning to show in the sound of del Monaco's tones, which were never really suited for Puccini at their best. London's Scarpia is clearly meant to combine the suave with the diabolical, but his fine appearance and good dramatic action are not yet sustained by the artful vocal detail to make it all consistent. There was, in sum, no single reason to term this a bad "Tosca," but a variety of reasons why it wasn't a very good one.

What was described as a "premiere" performance of a revised version of Benjamin Britten's "The Rape of Lucretia" was offered by the New York City Center Opera as the last of its seasonal novelties. Those who had heard the work ten years ago, just around the corner in the Ziegfeld Theatre, had to listen closely to discover what consequential revisions, other than the use of a larger pit orchestra than the chamber one of old, had been made. The larger orchestra (the idea of conductor Julius Rudel rather than Britten, though the composer concurred in it) filled in some lacunae in the vocal parts and added substance to the best music in the score (such as the "Ride of Tarquinius"). John Daggett Howell's staging also struck me as more fluid than the predecessor version, especially in putting the parts called Male (David Lloyd) and Female Chorus (Brenda Lewis) in closer relationship to the action.

However, these and the others (William Chapman as a rough-hewn Etruscan Prince, Frances Bible as an appealing Lucretia, Ruth Kobart as the nurse, and Lee Venora as a pert maid) were singing the same music as before. This is too much a mixture of the artful and the arty, the colorful and the merely illustrative to sustain interest. Ronald Duncan's version of Andre Obey's play has its own fair share of burdensome moments, including such statements as "Women are all whores by nature," or the silly-sinister "His manner is too polished for his purpose to be good." Taken together, the effort expended on "The Rape," including Andreas Nomikos's settings, might have been more to the advantage of something which deserved revival as well as revisal. Rudel put forth his usual fine effort on the podium.

IT would seem of little consequence whether a quartet played Bartok after Mozart or Mozart after Bartok so far as the end-result was concerned; it should be good or otherwise according to the abilities of the players involved. However, a recent session in the multiple series being given in Carnegie Recital Hall by the Fine Arts Quartet of Chicago suggested otherwise.

The opening Bartok No. 4 was played with fervor, understanding, and a precise sense of the rough-textured sound appropriate to it. But the following Mozart B flat found the players still hitting out for the force appropriate to Bartok, with a rather tense, unstable result, and more than a little fuzzy intonation. Perhaps if Mozart had preceded Bartok, the results would have been otherwise.

—IRVING KOLODIN.


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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

## Up the Jetstream Without a Propeller

WE spent the week flying America's first commercial jet twice across the Atlantic, one way de-luxe, one way economy, so just ask us anything. In the first place, the aircraft, which is known as a Boeing 707, and which has already been placed in regular daily service to Paris by its owners, Pan American, is the largest piece of rolling stock we've ever seen, not counting, of course, the 1959 Cadillac. If there is anyone around here who has flown a DC-7C, the latest and last of the piston engines, the 707 is thirty-one feet and two inches longer than that. Indeed, as a keen-eyed flying flack told us, the new jets fly as fast as a bullet from a .45 caliber pistol, carry as much fuel as a motorist might use in forty-five years of everyday driving, and two of them are as long a football field.

With all that in mind we climbed the stairs that had been run up alongside the nose of the airplane, and watched far down the long row of small windows the length of the blue and white ship as passengers climbed in the same plane from another entrance in the tail, a structure which itself stands four stories high. Eastbound, from Long Island to Le Bourget, we flew first class, sitting with thirty-nine other passengers, two abreast on either side of the aisle. A deep pile of foam rubber cushioned our head, and a movable footrest lay at our feet. A table about a quarter the size of a bridge-table folded out of the rear of the seat in front. Far forward, just behind the cockpit, there is a small but handsome lounge decorated with patterns of floating balloonists. Across the aisle are two lavatories. It is a refinement of the jet age that airplanes have flush toilets, window shades that roll up and down, individual seat instruction signs, and londspeakers above each place. Because the jet flies most economically at higher altitudes, stewardesses on transocean flights must give emergency oxygen instructions along with a demonstration of life-jacket procedures. Should cabin oxygen equipment fail at high altitudes, an oxygen nose cone will fall automatically out of the ceiling into each passenger's lap.

Habitual flyers who found their hands dampening when each new aircraft brought a new set of noises and strange behavior patterns will find themselves obliged to learn the peculiarities of jet travel. There is no more revving up of each motor at the head of the runway. The jet airplane is simply and suddenly away in a great rush of wind. Our takeoffs at New York, the Azores, Paris, and Iceland, took an average of forty seconds before we were airborne. It meant the jet thrust was pushing 111 passengers, a cabin crew of six, a flight crew of four as well as dinner, bottles, breakfast, baggage, and 17,000 gallons of kerosene along a 6,450-foot path before we would rise and be airborne.

By the time we had been moving for twenty-nine-and-one-half seconds we had gained a speed of 115 miles an hour. We were up and the landing gear folded into the underbelly rumbling loudly. Gravity pushed our head deep in the foam headrest, and when we tried to raise it and get up, our brains dove and dipped like frolicking porpoises. Since some of my fellow passengers had already unlimbered their seat belts and themselves and were now dancing in the aisles, we must perhaps allay our own personal reactions to the gaities of the previous evening.

On the other hand, if there is any discomfort to those in the air caused by the steep ascent, it can be ascribed to the regulations instituted by the Port of New York Authority, which has insisted that jets be up and off as quickly as possible to preserve the peace of those who live in the neighborhood of Idlewild Airport. The running fight that ushered in the jet age revolved around the assumption by the airlines and the Civil Aeronautics Board that the Port of New York Authority, an authoritarian and cheerless body at best, had no right to design flight patterns. Pan American and Boeing are still smarting over the necessity of putting noise suppressors on the jet engines, an appurtenance which will cost the company upwards of $75,000 per plane per year in added fuel costs, not to mention the estimated $10 millions spent by Boeing in researching, developing, and testing of 500 different sound suppressors.

Although its range, at 4,400 miles, is 600 miles shorter than the DC-7C, the 707 is expected to make most of its eastbound, or towards-Europe flights non-stop, depending upon the winds and the payload aboard. The opening of the new jet-length runway at Idlewild, which for reasons the Port Authority can perhaps best explain, will not be ready until January, limits the amount of payload the airplane can carry. Given a longer runway, the plane could take aboard more fuel, have a longer range. In addition to the maximum tankful of 17,000 gallons of kerosene, the 707 must also carry 700 gallons of chemically pure water which is injected into the engines at takeoff. The escaping steam formed when the water is squirted into the roaring flame of the jet engines adds to the thrust.

These advanced technicalities drove us to an altitude of 25,000 feet in twen-

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ty-six minutes, but we still counted on rising to an ultimate cruising height of 33,000 feet, more than six miles in the sky. The noise in the aft section of the forward or luxury half of the airplane was rather like the constant rushing of a high wind. You could talk under it easily, but the only money that could be stood on end was a pack of twenty-dollar bills. The sound diminished as one walked to the far end of the tail section, and it was reduced to nothing but a low *sshhh* forward of the engines, in the lounge in the nose.

But the Boeing 707 hasn't the range for regular non-stop European flights. First off the U.S. assembly lines, it has been brought in quickly by Pan American in the do-or-die race with BOAC for the Atlantic trade. When the larger Boeing 707-321 series, known as the Intercontinental, is delivered to Pan American this summer, nonstop flights back and forth across the Atlantic will be a surety, and the 707s will be packed off to fly New York to San Juan and Los Angeles to Honolulu.

Eastbound, with a capacity payload and not very favorable winds, our kerosene lasted as far as the Azores, 2,610 miles from Long Island. Running at an average of 510 miles an hour, we made it in a fraction over five hours. Our first jet landing was like pulling up a horse-and-wagon that had been clattering hellbent downhill. Not only did the flaps go down, but spoilers, a new type of flap, went up. Inside the engines, which hang in pods under the swept-back wing, clamshell deflectors formed out of the inner sides of the tailpipe to reverse the thrust.

The last leg to Paris was 1,408 miles and we chewed it up in three and a half hours. It was speedy, but counting an hour on the ground at Santa Maria, and eight and a half hours of flying, it was a far cry from the voyage of Juan Trippe, Pan American's president, who stole the thunder of the working press and skimmed much of the cream off their story by leading a personal party of publishers from Baltimore to Brussels a few days before. Trippe's trip took seven hours, nineteen minutes and BOAC's opening bid with its smaller Comet made it from New York to London nonstop in six hours and twelve minutes.

Coming home a few days later and fighting headwinds, we made a midday departure from Paris, dropped in at Iceland three hours later. The economy section in which we sat was laid out with three seats abreast on both sides of the aisle. The tables were perhaps half the size of the luxury section up forward and the degree of recline of the seat was minimal. Still in all, how uncomfortable can you be for the space of a jet flight to Europe at a $233 difference? Perhaps the worst drawback is the window seat where extrication is impossible unless one's two seat partners rise too. The aisle seat is preferential.

Although jet flights are certain to dim sightseeing for anyone but the acutely hyperopic, shortly after leaving Iceland (which has just installed a duty free liquor store) we came down over the polar ice cap that covers Greenland. The sight even from five miles up was stupendous, a fly's eye view of a marvelous marshmallow sundae tinted with the grenadine of a late afternoon polar sun. The peaks rose sharp and white to 9,000 feet. Glaciers wormed their way through the mountains and slid greenish blue into the sea. Fjords that knew enough to come in out of the terrain flowed seaward too, and met the icebergs that were sugar cubes setting out to sea. Then the mountains subsided and there were great fields of white cotton snow flat and dull, and finally there was the sea.

Soon we were following the St. Lawrence wide and gray, and when we crossed the U.S. border somewhere up near Presque Isle, in the northern reaches of Maine, it was only an hour more to New York. We had left Paris shortly after lunchtime and gotten to New York shortly after six, in plenty of time for dinner. If we hadn't been so tired we would have eaten it.

—Horace Sutton.

# Current Jet Schedules

| AIRLINE & AIRCRAFT | ROUTE | FLYING TIME | INAUGURATION OF SERVICE | CLASS AVAILABLE | TIME SAVED |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| AEROFLOT Tupelov 104 | Amsterdam-Moscow (weekly) | 3 hrs., 15 mins. | June 1958 | First<br>Tourist | 3 hrs., 15 mins. |
| | Moscow-Amsterdam (weekly) | 3 hrs., 20 mins. | June 1958 | First<br>Tourist | 3 hrs., 35 mins. |
| | Brussels-Moscow (twice weekly) | 3 hrs. | June 1958 | First<br>Tourist | 2 hrs., 20 mins. |
| | Moscow-Brussels (twice weekly) | 3 hrs., 15 mins. | June 1958 | First<br>Tourist | 2 hrs., 30 mins. |
| | Copenhagen-Moscow (twice weekly) | 1 hr., 10 mins. | 1957 | First<br>Tourist | 1 hr., 50 mins. |
| | Moscow-Copenhagen (twice weekly) | 1 hr., 15 mins. | 1957 | First<br>Tourist | 2 hrs. |
| | Paris-Moscow (twice weekly) | 3 hrs., 40 mins. | June 1958 | First<br>Tourist | 2 hrs., 10 mins. |
| | Moscow-Paris (twice weekly) | 3 hrs., 55 mins. | June 1958 | First<br>Tourist | 2 hrs., 25 mins. |
| | Prague-Moscow (daily) | 2 hrs., 20 mins. | 1956 | First<br>Tourist | —— |
| | Moscow-Prague (daily) | 2 hrs., 30 mins. | 1956 | First<br>Tourist | —— |
| | Moscow-New Delhi (weekly, via Tashkent) | 6 hrs., 30 mins. | Aug. 14, 1958 | First<br>Tourist | 4 hrs., 45 mins. |
| | New Delhi-Moscow (weekly, via Tashkent) | 8 hrs., 20 mins. | Aug. 14, 1958 | First<br>Tourist | 5 hrs., 10 mins. |
| BOAC de Havilland Comet 4 | New York-London weekly; after mid-Nov., daily) | 6 hrs., 30 mins. | Oct. 4, 1958 | Deluxe<br>First | 2 hrs., 30 mins. |
| | London-New York (weekly; after mid-Nov., daily) | 9 hrs. | Oct. 4, 1958 | Deluxe<br>First | 2 hrs. |
| CESKO-SLOVENSKE AEROLINIE Tupelov 104 | Prague-Moscow (daily) | 2 hrs., 20 mins. | 1956 | First<br>Tourist | —— |
| | Moscow-Prague (daily) | 2 hrs., 30 mins. | 1956 | First<br>Tourist | —— |
| | Prague-Cairo (weekly) | 3 hrs., 55 mins. | 1958 | First<br>Tourist | 1 hr., 45 mins. |
| | Cairo-Prague (weekly) | 4 hrs., 5 mins. | 1958 | First<br>Tourist | 3 hrs., 55 mins. |
| PAN AMERICAN Boeing 707 | New York-Paris (daily) | 7 hrs. | Oct. 26 1958 | Deluxe<br>Economy | 4 hrs., 35 mins. |
| | Paris-New York (daily) | 8 hrs. | Oct. 27, 1958 | Deluxe<br>Economy | 5 hrs., 50 mins. |
| | New York-London (daily) | 6 hrs., 30 mins. | Nov. 16, 1958 | Deluxe<br>Economy | 2 hrs., 30 mins. |
| | London-New York (daily) | 7 hrs., 30 mins. | Nov. 16, 1958 | Deluxe<br>Economy | 3 hrs. |

**PROPOSED SERVICES TO JUNE 1959:** *Air France (Caravelle), continental Europe and North Africa; American (Boeing 707), transcontinental U.S.; BOAC (de Havilland Comet 4), London-Tokyo; National Airlines (Boeing 707), New York to Miami by Dec. 10 (subject to final CAB approval); Scandinavian Airlines (Caravelle), continental Europe and Middle East; TWA (Boeing 707), transcontinental U.S.*

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# Fiction

*Continued from page 15*

almost makes something valuable and significant out of the story. He is prevented from doing so only by his own immaturity. The boy never sees his father as anything but a hero, whereas it is plain to the reader that he is a windy, oversentimental braggart with a touch of the bully thrown in.

One must credit Mr. Noonan with being vaguely aware of what he might have done. He uses as a symbol through the pages a special treasure of the boy's—a piece of yellow glass which transforms the world into a wonderful place when the youngster looks through it. The boy finally loses his golden eye. One would expect that he would now see his father in truer coloring, and although this would be painful it would give him some growth in wisdom. But this, alas, doesn't happen, perhaps because Mr. Noonan is himself unaware of the sum total of the character he has created.

A tinge of vandalism, presented as humor, runs through the book. Pigeons are released at sea in a howling gale to plunge to their death, and there's nothing funny in this nor in subsequent minor outrages.

"The Patchwork Hero" is a patchwork novel, promising a pattern which never quite emerges, but leaving one looking forward with hope to the author's second book.

—LEONARD WIBBERLEY.

**SHAKEDOWN ON THE AJAX:** To a reading public that has been conditioned to war by such blockbuster novels as "The Naked and the Dead" and "The Caine Mutiny," Bentz Plagemann's **"The Steel Cocoon"** (Viking, $3.75) will seem hardly more than a curtain-raiser; yet in its quietly compelling pages there is more truth about what life in the U.S. Navy is really like than in a whole shelf of prefabricated box-office hits.

Like Herman Wouk, Plagemann is concerned with the role of the seemingly indispensable "eccentric" in the military set-up—the man who, after the damage is done, is revealed to be psychopathic. In this case he is Alexander Bullitt, chief pharmacist's mate aboard the destroyer *Ajax*. "The Steel Cocoon" is the story of the *Ajax*'s shakedown cruise, as seen through the eyes of Bullitt's assistant, Tyler Williams.

Disarmingly simple in its narrative outline, the book is in one sense hardly more than a memoir of life on a destroyer. Beneath this casualness, however, runs a deeper current: the subtly pervasive influence of a

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twisted personality on the life of the ship. Bullitt is a sick man. The crew senses this; his superiors have long since flagged him as unfit for combat. As a result, his assignments are limited to such seemingly harmless berths as that which he enjoys on the *Ajax*.

"The Steel Cocoon" deals with Tyler Williams's gradual discovery of Bullitt's real nature, the strange chain of events that leads to a serious shipboard accident, Bullitt's crack-up, and Williams's eventual accession to the chief's job, although not his rating. In the background is the affectionately drawn crew of the *Ajax*, seen in relation to one another and to the central problem of the novel. It is a temptation to overdramatize these situations, but the author has wisely refrained from so doing. His characters are the result of his feeling for people rather than a manipulation of them, and although this gives the story a highly casual structure, it also makes the action extremely credible.

Readers who seek the meaning of war in deadly combat or who confuse drama with the big courtroom scenes, will do well to look elsewhere for their entertainment. But those who appreciate the truths of fiction in their most natural and unassuming poses will want to read this novel.

—DAVID DEMPSEY.

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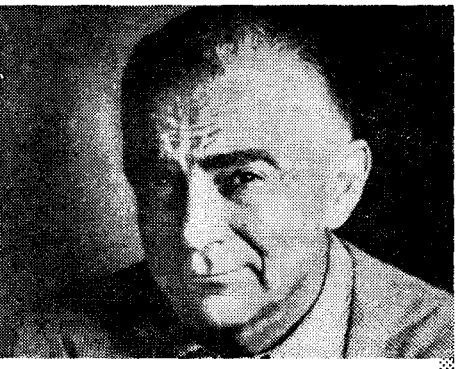
**DEATH OF THE PARTY.** *By Ruth Fenisong. Crime Club.* $2.95. Discovery of corpse in shiny new office of outcoming New York physician puts Matt Berthold, scientific hopeful, on spot; lady motorist's assistance a factor; hero's amatory involvements critical (and so are villain's). Complicated.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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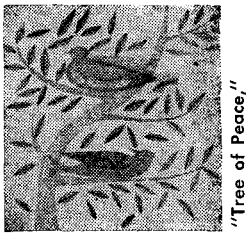

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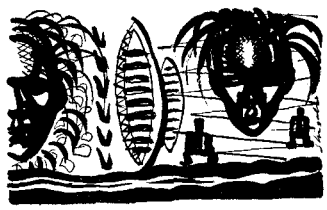
**ANCIENT PEOPLES**

# Expedition Damned by the Gods

***"The Lost World of the Kalahari," by Laurens van der Post*** *(Morrow. 279 pp. $4), is about the vanishing Bushmen in Bechuanaland. Hassoldt Davis, who as a professional explorer knows this country "backwards and upwards and diagonally," reports on the book for us. His most recent title is "World Without a Roof."*

By Hassoldt Davis



AWHILE ago the South African Laurens van der Post wrote a fascinating book, factual, called "Venture to the Interior," which had excellent reviews, including one of mine, and sold well. The important thing about it was its completely accurate knowledge of Africa and its delightful writing. This new book has less incident in it but is equally excitingly well written, and concerns a most curious subject, the near disappearance of what may be the world's oldest people, the Bushmen of the Kalahari Desert in Africa's Bechuanaland, a tiny people, apricot-colored, apparently half Negro and half Mongolian.

According to the author, they absorb, as the camel its humps, their big buttocks for nourishment in the lean seasons, and both men and women have other anatomical differences which may be mentioned in a book but not in a proper review.

They were, furthermore, the greatest cave painters of Africa, a Stone Age people of whom few still exist. The author organized a whopping expedition to find them, film them, and record their legends on tape, in the company of other Europeans, who turned out badly.

One was a vegetarian, which is unfortunate in Africa, and had to be shipped home; another an hysteric. He had as his guide a witch doctor, who boded no good—quite correctly—for when the expedition came to the Slippery Hills and finally discovered a small group of authentic Bushmen, all their cameras and recorders ceased to function. Now this can happen, believe it or not, and old explorers curse and marvel at it. The gods were against them, as the author seems sincerely to believe.

There were terrible swamps, where no water should be. Stampeding buffalo were no pleasure to live with. The heat was terrible, the eland elusive. Mutiny of the natives was always imminent as they approached the sacred spots.

"For a long time we heard the normal talk of the camp behind us, and however the polished crocodile or larded hippo took to the creamy water round us, the ripples resounded like flute-song among the reeds."

This, though adjectival, I consider fairly good descriptive writing, as are Mr. van der Post's chapter heads, which may be vague but are certainly indicative: "The Shadow in Between," "The Spirits of the Slippery Hills," "The Song of the Rain."

The gods were against this expedition, as Laurens van der Post seems sincerely to believe. He trailed the shy and honest Bushmen, remembering that they had been followed by tribes of Griquas and Basutos in the past on their migrations south to Bechuanaland, and massacred in masses, so it was a delicate entente he had with them.

He followed "the wind singing through the hollow bones of the desert," and by dugout canoe up the Okarang River, while the Bushmen followed the honey-bird, which chirped at them and led them to the honey hives, which the little primitives would open for their favorite food and the birds would profit by on the leftovers.

Excellent botanists and chemists these Bushmen were. They brewed poison, fished in the sand for small animals, danced frenetically to bring on the rains, and, like cupids, shot three-inch arrows into the backsides of those they wanted to love them. It works infallibly.

Nothing in this book is as startling as the novels of old Rider Haggard, because it is the work of an ethnologist, a colonel, and a poet. To me it is a joy because of its simple, accurate, rhythmical, and imaginative tale-telling. Van der Post writes, as he must talk, in the soft, deep, clear, South African voice, unlike any other in English, and he writes with authority.

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# Richness to Dust in Two Decades

***"The Aztecs: People of the Sun," by Alfonso Caso*** *(translated by Lowell Dunham; University of Oklahoma Press. 123 pp. $7.95), and* ***"The Aztec: Man and Tribe," by Victor W. Von Hagen*** *(Mentor. 222 pp. 50¢), between them offer the reader a multifaceted view of the institutions and history of a bygone civilization.* SR's *reviewer, John Collier, is professor emeritus of sociology and anthropology at the City College of New York. Throughout the Roosevelt Administration he served as U.S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Among other books, he is the author of "Indians of the Americas."*

By John Collier

CASO's book and Von Hagen's are not supplemental to each other; rather, they are antithetical. Illustrated by Covarrubias, the first-named is by a profound thinker and discoverer in Mexican antiquity, who also is chief of Mexico's National Indian Institute, concentrated on problems of the living Indian. The second-named is a work of a tireless physical explorer, selective toward the material and socially overt components of Meso-American as well as of Andean cultures, and perhaps wilfully unattentive toward the non-material components, toward the "fountains of the will" communal and individual. Each of the authors views with his own sort of ray a gone human epoch which only yesterday (in historical time) passed, within a span of only twenty years, from a flowering of overpowering richness into trampled dust.

Caso's book, perfectly translated by Lowell Dunham from its original as published by the Fondo de Cultura Economica in 1954, is not a factual record of the Aztecs, nor a description of their many-sided institutions. Instead, it goes to the producing center of Aztec behavior and achievement—that is, to the world-view, the metaphysic, the magical and mystical religion.

> From this brief description [Caso writes] the tremendous role that religion played among the Aztecs can be realized. It was so great that it is no exaggeration to say that their entire existence revolved around their religion and that there was not a single act, public or private, not tinged by religious sentiment. Religion was the preponderant factor, and provided the basis even of those activities which appear most alien to religious sentiment, such as sports, games, and war. Religion regulated commerce, politics, and conquest. . . . It was the prime mover for all individual acts and was the basic reason for the existence of the state itself.

Spain, the conqueror, concentrating equally on gold and on the annihilation of the Aztec religion, annihilated thus the Aztec society, life-way, and soul. The slaying of the biological Aztec was a minor part; even though, according to the exhaustive study of S. F. Cook and L. B. Simpson, the Central Mexican Indians diminished from 11,000,000 in 1519 to 4,409,181 in 1565. Because religion saturated every "thing-producing" activity of the Aztec, architecture massive and subtle and in great quantity had also to be destroyed.

Von Hagen's view of Aztec religion contrasting with Caso's, may here be quoted:

> The Aztec's dependence on rain is the "reason why" for the ceaseless preoccupation with the appeasement of the gods and with

## FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 802

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 802 will be found in the next issue.*

RKUIFVK CU IZF

JCUEAR AN

HBAMPZFGEU.

—ZAVGMF JGBTABF.

---

***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 801***

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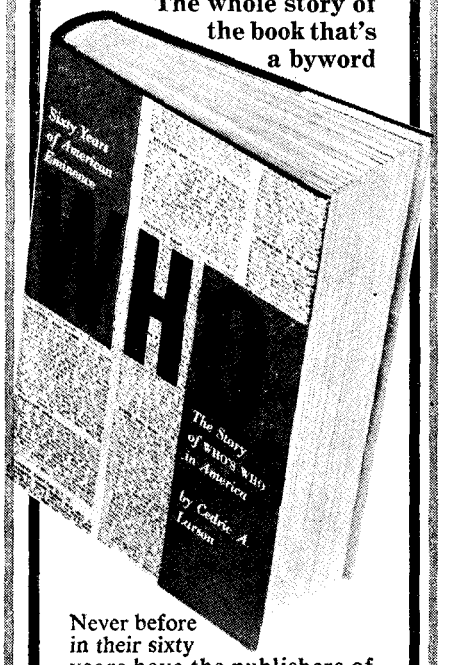


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conquests, the wars for more tribute and for more sacrificial victims in order to cajole the rain god. . . . As the good-will of the rain god could only be sustained by a diet of human hearts, and as these could only be provided by taking prisoners in battle, a long peace was a disaster. Only in perpetual war was there safety.

It was a nightmare.

This is prejudiced, even frivolously erroneous, cultural interpretation, inaccurate even at the behavioral level, as can be seen by any reader of authorities whom Von Hagen cites with generous praise—authorities from the early Sahagun down through Prescott, George Vaillant, and Caso himself, as well as Miguel Portilla, who published two years ago "La Filosofia Nahuatl," a book needing English translation. More must be said, however, about Von Hagen's book.

As CASO makes plain, so multitudinous, so often superficially contradictory, are the symbolic embodiments and (to ourselves) secular involvements of the Aztec religion, that through selective attention the Aztec universe can appear as anything, from the flowery-fair to the blood-drunken. Von Hagen's attention to this, the core-reality of Aztecdom, is selective and omissive. In contast is his firm, detailed perception and concentrated yet very readable accounting of Aztec material achievement and of the ground-plan of Aztec social organization. His book is an achievement in clear statement of multitudinous important details; and its statement is not only drawn from numerous more basic authorities, but is given reality through five years of field work in Meso-America. With the above-stated reservation, it is thoroughly recommended.

Summarizing the Aztec achievements, Von Hagen writes:

> They came out of nothing and made themselves in a relatively short time heirs of thousands of years of culture even greater than their own. . . . They gave the Mexican land its first direction toward some form of economic synthesis . . . a new concept of commerce. Their knowledge of geography and of plants was vast. . . . They had literature. . . . The Aztec had all the ingredients—paper, writing, literature, and stamping—which ancient China had and which brought about the first steps toward that reproduction of ideas by printing which extended civilization.
>
> It is, however, useless to speculate. In that year of 1519 a small fleet of vessels anchored at Vera Cruz: Hernan Cortés had arrived.

**WORLD ANATOMY**

# Tongue Technology

***"Etymology with Especial Reference to English," by A. S. C. Ross*** *(Essential Books. 169 pp. $7), is an examination of linguistics for the advanced student of word dissection written by the man whose article for a scholarly Finnish journal on British U and non-U standards lit a bonfire in the British Isles some seasons back. Cornelia Evans, who assesses the work, is the co-author of "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage."*

By Cornelia Evans

ETYMOLOGY is the study of the history of individual words, of the sound changes, or shifts in pronunciation, which produced, for example, the Greek word *hippos* and the Latin word *equus* from identically the same source in the earlier language out of which they both developed. This science has much the same charm for the layman that comparative anatomy has.

The fact that a human hand and a cow's hoof are basically the same thing is fascinating to anyone who has seen this by means of museum models or in a laboratory. The same wonder and delight are aroused by such things as Mr. Ross's treatment of the word *ginger*, in which he identifies related forms of the word in more than seventy languages and varying from *sngypyl* to *zanghebhil*.

But museum models and the history of a few selected words are not anatomy or etymology, and although the layman can appreciate some of the findings there would be no advantage for him in going deeper into either of these sciences. For this reason, Mr. Ross's book on etymology is unlike the other volumes which have appeared in the Language Library series. Anyone who is interested in modern English will find the earlier books in this series useful, and this should mean everybody who is trying to use the language effectively. But etymology will not help him to do this. It is a specialized study for the expert in word dissection. And Mr. Ross's presentation is not even an introduction to the subject.

"Etymology with Especial Reference to English" is a valuable book for the advanced student. The facts which a beginner needs to have, and which for him would be the most interesting, are not given. On all such

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matters Mr. Ross refers the reader to a standard text. He is interested in presenting questions which he feels have not been adequately treated elsewhere. He discusses, at considerable length for such a small book, a theory of language and the conceptual framework of linguistics and attempts to give in mathematical symbols a rigorous definition of some of his terms. All of this will be welcomed by the reader who is already familiar with the terminology of linguistics, who can read Old English and knows something about Germanic philology, and who is therefore in a position to appreciate the problems Mr. Ross is concerned with. Such a reader will find the later parts of this book invaluable. Here Mr. Ross brings together succinctly, often in table form, most of the phonetic changes that have occurred inside the Indoeuropean languages over the last twenty-five hundred years. This material covers such a broad range and in such a clear manner that anyone in a position to use it will feel grateful to Mr. Ross for having compiled it.

Mr. Ross himself believes that his book is "essentially elementary" and suitable for "the nonacademic public." But in saying this he cannot be speaking about the American public, and one wonders whether there ever was a public, anywhere, with the educational background he takes for granted. Perhaps a person with no special training in linguistics could read this book. But in order to do that he would have to be familiar with the Greek alphabet and understand the pronunciation of half a dozen modern European languages. And this would only be a beginning. To appreciate all the illustrations given, the reader would have to have a speaking knowledge of a great many languages. In fact, to get the full force of one of the footnotes, the reader would have to be familiar with Egyptian hieroglyphics.

**COPY DESK STYLE:** "Through the city room with a blue pencil and a red face" might very well serve as a subtitle to **"Watch Your Language"** (Channel Press, $3.95), an extraordinarily useful book on the art of newspapering by Theodore Bernstein, news editor of *The New York Times*. Compiled from a lively office bulletin called "Winners and Sinners," this volume is something less than a textbook on journalism and yet more than a handbook of "do's" and "don'ts." Its chief interest to the average reader, I suspect, is that it lets him past the receptionist and into the *Times* city room, something he will find practically impossible to do in person.

A *Times* guide, showing visitors through the news department, used to point to the rows of reporters at their desks and announce, "On this side you see the men who can write but can't spell." Turning to the big, circular copy desk, he then exclaimed, "And over here are the men who can spell but can't write." In substance, if you will add styles in syntax and word usage to the problem of spelling, this is about the way a newspaper is written and edited.

Mr. Bernstein believes in teaching by bad example, and his book is filled with bloopers, big and little, not all of which (happily) got past the copy desk. He advises against using the word "combine" as a noun, since it carries the "suggestion of something illegal or fraudulent," and he is perpetually uncomfortable in the presence of any verbatim statement made by President Eisenhower (*Times* policy is to run the President's remarks "as is"); he believes in short, simple sentences (this will surprise many *Times* readers) and prefers to keep sex in its place, which is to say as a pronoun. There is a section here for the copy editors, or "hatchet men," and another for headline writers, and at the end, as it should be, there is an appendix of news stories chosen to illustrate aspects of good writing.

It was Arnold Bennett who said that newspapers are written in a hurry and should be read in a hurry. He obviously was not thinking of *The New York Times*. The care that goes into each edition is expertly revealed here by the man who watches its language. —D. D.

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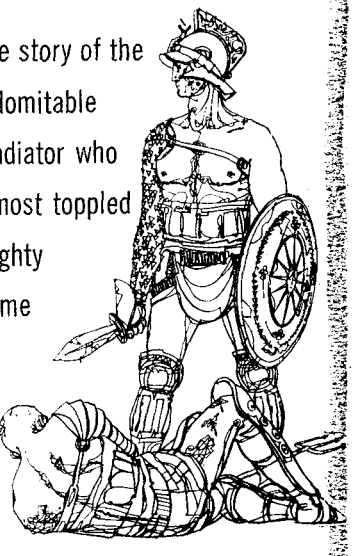

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# Lively Ladies

*Continued from page 19*

the author is so fascinated by her interpersonal relations with her dominating mother-in-law, her polio-stricken husband, and that gnomish "President-maker" Louis McHenry Howe that he lets them smother his real subject. And then there are all those amusing Roosevelt anecdotes. Anna Eleanor gets lost in Eleanorana.

In the White House chapters particularly, Mrs. Roosevelt is more anecdotal than real. She does what Louis Howe tells her to do, and when he has departed this life, she goes where Franklin sends her. This docile creature is hard to reconcile with the First Lady who mostly thought up her own ways of being eyes, ears and political helpmeet to her husband.

Moreover, there are errors of fact. As one instance: Mrs. Roosevelt's press conferences were decided on before she went into the White House, in a large part due to her close association with an Associated Press reporter, Lorena A. Hickok, not afterward on orders from Louis Howe. And certainly Eleanor Roosevelt did not think of the visit of the King and Queen of England in 1939 as "an everyday event to be sandwiched among her multitudinous activities." She fully realized its importance as a matter of friendship among nations and put the most careful planning into it. She even wore for their arrival ceremonies a wool dress, at the request of the British wool industry, on a June day so hot the ambulances were shrieking as they carried off fainting spectators. The Queen, who also had agreed to wear wool, sensibly didn't.

Suddenly, as the White House days ended, Mr. Steinberg's Eleanor Roosevelt comes alive. Vital and vibrant, she dominates her scene in her New York apartment and at Hyde Park. The descriptions are so true and vivid that they obviously are first-hand telling.

In many pictures, well chosen, and words that are few but well considered Richard Harrity and Ralph G. Martin have achieved perspective in "Eleanor Roosevelt: Her Life in Pictures." They hit most of the historical nails right on the head. and they give Mrs. Roosevelt the benefit of some stand-off observation—noting that when her family needed her she was there; that her press conference was her husband's best trial balloon, and that she not only saved her husband's political bacon by reconciling his party to his running-mate on that Chicago platform in 1940, but also was allowed to fly the plane on the trip there!

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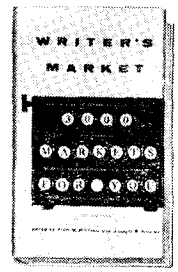


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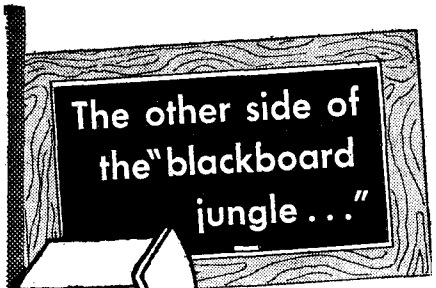


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# The Wild and Woolly

*Continued from page 21*

sporting a blond mustache and "cursed with a capacity for Kentucky bourbon," Johnson Barbee seems to me the archetypal hero as nineteenth-century American prospector. More a discoverer than an exploiter, with boundless faith in some force within, which flowed from himself toward the gold in the ground, he wandered the mountainous, outsize country gripping the divining rod.

The discovery made, Barbee would sell, and—in spite of his promises to his wife—he always sold out too soon. He had to keep moving. Money, for him, was not the main thing. Nor was it, he said, a question of "who you are or how far back your name goes; it's a man's integrity that counts." Mrs. Lee tells of her father saying, "I guess there ain't a man in this goddamn camp who didn't run away from something he couldn't swallow back where he came from." And she remembers that he never wore a necktie and always kept his shirt collar open, even when dressed in a dark blue suit.

If John was a hero, Kitty was a heroine though obviously, for Mabel, the less fascinating parent. When, time passing, John showed no sign of returning, Kitty made up her mind. Packing up trunks and Mabel, she stage-coached her way to the side of her prospector-husband at Cripple Creek, there to make a new home, bear another child, and die in one of the camp epidemics.

Which is how Mabel Barbee came to grow up in a booming mining and wild West town—and this only sixty some years ago. As the gold began to rain down from the hills, saloons and dance halls and "hotels" mushroomed to life; and also the outfitters' tents, the real-estate shacks, and the banks.

Gamblers, high-graders, professional women—they are all on parade in "Cripple Creek Days," which to my way of thinking is more entertaining by far than the run of fictional westerns, more authentic, of course, and a great deal more moving. I only wish Mrs. Lee had ended her book with the end of her Cripple Creek time and not compressed all the rest of her history into the last forty pages. For her later years seem part of another story, perhaps the story of Bennington College, where she was the first director of admissions and herself selected all the young ladies for its first six classes.

### LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 6, 8, 10, 2, 9, 3, 1, 4, 7, 5. Column Three should read: 4, 7, 9, 1, 10, 8, 2, 5, 6, 3.

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**EL MAGNIFICO:** Mary Lasswell, spirited sprite, whose "Suds in Your Eye" titillated thousands, takes issue with Thomas Wolfe in her latest book, **"I'll Take Texas"** (Houghton Mifflin, $5). She did go home again. After almost thirty years of "prowling" (Texas lingo) and becoming familiar with remote corners of the globe, the author set about getting acquainted with her native state. It will be a surprising and rewarding experience for readers as it was for her.

Perceptive and analytical, Mrs. Lasswell's book is a serious study interwoven with humor delightfully Texan. She has endeavored with a fair measure of success to present an unbiased and objective viewpoint, a difficult task for any Texan.

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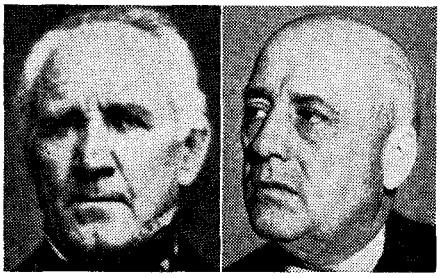
The charm of this book is concentrated in the totally new and hitherto unpublicized facts about a state overly publicized for the flamboyant acts of its more flamboyant citizens. In far greater number are the down-to-earth, the Un-Big Rich, and the very polite. "Due to their heritage of the Old South, Latin America, and Irish blarney, Texans are just naturally polite," says Mrs. Lasswell. She once overheard a postal clerk cashing a money order for a woman saying gently, "I'm sure sorry it's not more!" But along with the new, you will encounter the familiar, such as the artistry of Tom Lea and Carl Hertzog, the intellectuality of J. Frank Dobie and Roy Bedicheck, Speaker Sam Rayburn and his 900-acre ranch.

The compelling force that makes Texas different is its diversity, a diversity that can be understood when you know the history of its six flags and the many nationalities that settled there to "get their rights." As Prescott Webb said, "When one makes a comparative study of the sections, the dominant truth which emerges is expressed in the word contrast."

One native frankly admitted to Mrs. Lasswell that he knew very little about Texas, outside of his own county. "There's just too damn much of it." That native and many others—also non-Texans—will find out how much they didn't know. There is magic and romance in this story of gettin' acquainted which will surely inspire in one a provocative urge to go home.

—LYN WHITE.



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## . . . Into Reality

*Continued from page 12*

tainly cannot be called factually autobiographical, but neither is it the objective and unrelated phantasy of the world a million years from now that we might have supposed. In fact, we are perhaps ready to ask, in the light of Forster's illuminating reverie, is not all phantasy subjectively oriented? Is not, in fact, the world of phantasy—what we have called the territory of fiction—for all its vast treasure, its delights and marvels, in another of its aspects a sealed cave; an airless internal world dependent upon a monstrous machine that must fail ultimately, a mere version of egotism?

Perhaps the artist might be content enough to get along in his phantasies without human love but, unfortunately, whether he is interested in love or not the artist has to take it into account or perish. The aims and the standards of art are, quite simply, perfection; but perfection, while very nice indeed in its place, is incompatible with a real world whose very imperfections are what causes love to operate. He who, when we first investigated him, was displeased with reality is now displeased with unreality also. But can the writer get out again?

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Certainly there are many writers who write as if their life depended upon it. Such are the compulsive writers, the writers who, in every book, repeat, with variations, the same unsolved problem over and over: the Eugene Gant or George Webber of Wolfe, Marquand's small-town boy suffering from inferiority in the great world; the recurrent abused child, in Dickens, who represents what Edmund Wilson calls the wound. Are these novels to be called autobiographical? Not in detail, often; not in plot; but their artistically presented problems are the problems, unconscious and unfaced, of their authors.

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field, torn between her dedication to art, her struggle with tuberculosis and heart-trouble, the frustration of her passion for Middleton Murry, are today so familiar to readers as to need no dwelling on. What has received less attention is the fact that in her last years, as she approached a crisis of the spirit—a yearning after purgation and rebirth—she turned more and more to what may be called autobiographical themes. One exquisite story followed another that evoked the New Zealand of her childhood—charged with beauty, quivering with feeling. Are these to be put down to the nostalgia for childhood that might accompany disease of the lungs and impending death? Are they simply a further turning away from real life to the world of art?

Let us examine, briefly, the beautiful story "Prelude." "Prelude" shows —in terms of deeply-felt cause and effect requiring to be followed to a conclusion—the pass to which K. M.'s overworked sensibility had brought her. At the very beginning of the story we are given a clue; the mother, Linda Burnell, looks at the bags and boxes piled on the floor of the buggy that will drive her to a new house. " 'These are absolute necessities,' she said, her voice trembling with fatigue and excitement." The two little girls, who are not taken along in this trip, hear her. One of them is Kezia, who has been generally identified with the child Katharine Mansfield once was. "Hand in hand they stared with round solemn eyes, first at the absolute necessities and then at their mother." Kezia is a little girl, then, who, in competition with bags and boxes for importance to her mother, came second.

This theme, the lack of love from mother to child, is stressed over and over as the story proceeds. Linda Burnell is too tired from childbearing, too exhausted by the demands of her bumbling and importunate husband, to give her children love. " 'I wish you would go out into the garden and give an eye to your children,' " old Mrs. Fairfield, the grandmother, says. " 'But that I know you will not do.' " Only the grandmother, a representative of the past, has love to give. Katharine Mansfield has Linda herself think of the importance of love: "There was something comforting in the sight of her own mother that Linda felt she could never do without. She needed the sweet smell of her flesh, and the soft feel of her cheeks . . ." But this is not Linda loving; this is Linda needing love. Linda Burnell is described as being remarkably like the ill Katharine Mansfield. And it would be a mistake to imagine that, because Kezia represents the childhood Katharine Mansfield, she is the only character in the story who, so to speak, *is* K. M. Other aspects of her needs, her lacks, her dilemma, are to be found in every feminine character in the story. And of course, to more or less degree, all characters are and must be projections. K. M. could not tell us what her real mother really thought, all those years ago; Linda's thoughts are K. M.'s thoughts. It seems to me that Linda, the ailing mother, expresses the feeling side of K. M. that had turned entirely to phantasy; her sick self.

LINDA and Kezia are brought together alone once in the story, at the site of the monstrous aloe that grows in front of the house, "with its cruel leaves and fleshy stem. The curving leaves seemed to be hiding something; the blind stem cut into the air as if no wind could ever shake it. 'Does it ever have any flowers?' " the little girl asks her mother; and Linda replies, " 'Once every hundred years.' "

Let us pause to examine this aloe, the most important symbol in a story full of important objects. K. M.'s title for the first version of this story was "The Aloe." The description she gives of the plant is repellent. Yet Linda Burnell—who is always having phantasies of going away and leaving this great exhausting crew of a family—looks at the aloe, later, in the moonlight, and "Her heart grew hard. She particularly liked its long sharp thorns." Nobody would dare to bother her, she thinks, if she were like that; not even her husband. "There were times when Burnell was frightening. When she had just not screamed at the top of her voice, 'You are killing me.' And at those times she had longed to say the most coarse, hateful things." But of course Linda never had. If all the masculine characters in "Prelude" are crude and insensate, all the feminine characters are submissive to them.

"Prelude" was written shortly after the shock of the death of K. M.'s beloved younger brother, and it is my belief that her urge to write a story about the move to a new house reveals the awareness of a necessity to begin her own life on a new footing—to face inner facts and make a fresh start. The aloe stands directly in front of the new house, where you can't miss it. It seems to me that in this thorny growth we see embodied the self-protective, loveless ego that cerebral preoccupations produce, comparable to Forster's airless interior world. Certainly K. M., in the days before her death, spoke often with horror of the purely cerebral life, but she never describes the loveless condition so brutally as when she draws the aloe.

In "Prelude," however, the thorny aloe has another, positive aspect. If Linda Burnell were more like that aloe, she thinks, she would be strong; strong enough, we may add, to love Kezia. And the grandmother says that there are signs that the aloe may blossom this year.

What does this mean? I think it suggests that, rare though it be, the aloe of egotism and self-enclosure is capable of a flowering. Such a flowering would make the aloe acceptable to these flower-loving, feminine characters, thus bridging the gap between the cerebral and the instinctive.

If love is that which connects, its absence means a gap. Both Linda and Kezia, the unloved little girl, are conscious of a division that shows itself in the projection of a mysterious and vaguely masculine They, of whom Linda thinks, "*They* knew how frightened she was. What Linda always felt was that *They* wanted something of her." The split is again dealt with near the end of the story when Beryl, the vain younger sister who gives us an explanatory self-consciousness, is berating herself for being divided between falseness and what she feels to be true within her. "Life is rich and mysterious and good, and I am rich and mysterious and good, too. Shall I ever be that Beryl for ever? How *can* I? And was there ever a time when I did not have a false self?"

As if in answer, the door opens and little Kezia comes in. She is the answer to the problem of the split. She has feeling, not for phantasies, but for reality: the niceness of the man who drives the dray, the colors of real flowers in the garden. And she needs more than anything to be loved—that is, nurtured, cultivated. This is the message I believe K. M.'s imagination sent to her about herself through the medium of "Prelude."

Fiction is an artistically-controlled personal myth, which in its coming-together into a form releases overtones of the universal. In both these aspects it has a value that can be said to exist in the world of reality—its value to the world as a work of art, and its value, realized or not, to the artist. If, seen negatively, all phantasy is self-regarding, so, affirmatively speaking, phantasy, fiction, bears upon the conscious personality of its creator to compensate it.

The territory of fiction is thus the other half of the world of reality: the dark side of the moon, the mantelpiece mirror that reflects the room, the dream between the wakings, the shadow within the sunlight. If there is an Open Sesame of talent to let the artist into the world of imagination, there is a password of understanding to let him out again into a reality which he has, perhaps, come to value also.

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*(Continued on page 42)*

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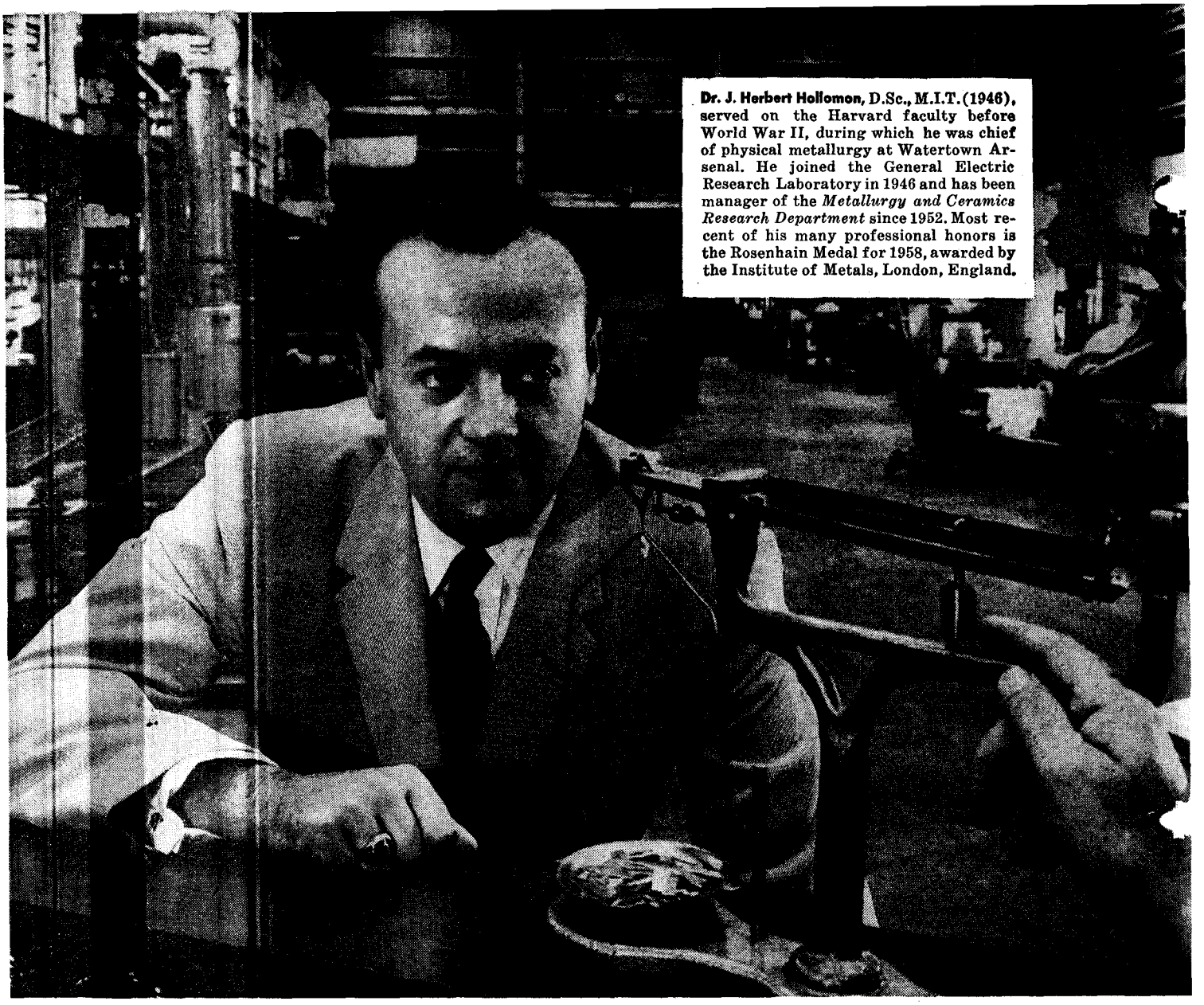

**Dr. J. Herbert Hollomon**, D.Sc., M.I.T. (1946), served on the Harvard faculty before World War II, during which he was chief of physical metallurgy at Watertown Arsenal. He joined the General Electric Research Laboratory in 1946 and has been manager of the *Metallurgy and Ceramics Research Department* since 1952. Most recent of his many professional honors is the Rosenhain Medal for 1958, awarded by the Institute of Metals, London, England.

# Materials to match ideas

## General Electric's Dr. J. Herbert Hollomon cites need for "materials scientists" and "materials engineers"

For centuries, when inventive men came up with unique and useful ideas, there was almost always something available from which a practical device could be made. But recently, man's brain has begun to outrun the available materials. He could design and build faster planes, safer cars, improved missiles—*if* there were better materials.

Dr. J. Herbert Hollomon, one of the leaders of a group of outstanding scientists at the General Electric Research Laboratory, believes the problem can be solved only by taking a much broader view of *materials research and development.*

"From a scientific standpoint," says Dr. Hollomon, "the science that underlies the behavior of metals, ceramics, semiconductors, or polymers is essentially the same. And the design engineer — for whatever product — wants *the best material for the job.* He is not concerned whether the material is metallic, ceramic, plastic, or made of green cheese."

Dr. Hollomon looks to the day when universities will produce topflight materials scientists and materials engineers for important jobs in tomorrow's world. "The closer interaction of physics, electronics, chemistry, metallurgy, and ceramics," he says, "will strengthen the nation's defense, extend the capabilities of American industry, and improve the level of living for people everywhere."

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# SR/Research

## SCIENCE & HUMANITY

**DEPARTMENTS:** Research in America • Personality Portrait—XXXII • Science in Books • The Research Frontier

**ARTICLES:** A Visit to Red China's Hidden Capital of Science

**RESEARCH IN AMERICA**

## *A DISPASSIONATE SCIENTIFIC LOOK AT CHINA*

EVERYONE within hearing distance of a radio loudspeaker knows that the *Pioneer* rocket to the Moon got a third of the way to its destination between 4.42 o'clock in the morning of Saturday, October 11 and 7.42 o'clock in the morning of Sunday, October 12. It is also common knowledge that the *Pioneer* turned around at that time—79,173 feet out in space—and plunged back into Earth's atmosphere because its aimers on Florida's Cape Canaveral pointed it 3.5 degrees straighter up than they had intended. The climb against Earth's gravity was therefore steeper than expected, and the rocket accelerated only to 34,400 feet per second —just 850 feet short of the speed that could have reached the Moon.

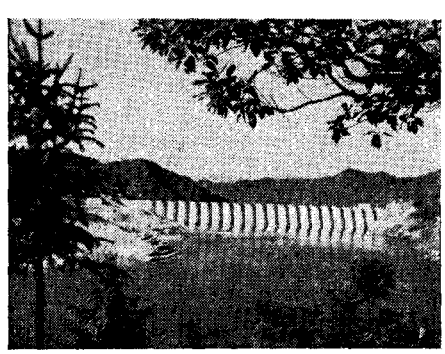
It is not only ironic but frightening that while this esoteric information, about a robot expedition prohibitive even of man's presence, was flooding the air and the newspapers, the people were kept in almost total ignorance of a concurrent happening of major concern to the immediate peace of mankind.

This other event was the provision of a feasible meeting place for the two Chinas.

The provision was made by the International Council of Scientific Unions during a meeting in Washington, D. C., in the first week of October. It was voted by representatives of thirteen scientific disciplines from forty-three nations, including Russia and the United States. It was either ignored or inadequately interpreted by news commentators for the simple reason that few of the established pundits of history-in-the-making understand the international traditions of scientific research and the potentials of those traditions for bridging the gulf between Eastern and Western diplomats.

The ICSU action was expressed in what seemed to be an innocuously worded resolution, to the effect that the conduct of scientific research and dissemination of the results of experiments must proceed without regard to barriers of race, religion or politics. Under close scrutiny, however, the resolution could be seen to have been designed to transcend questions of diplomatic recognition. So if the Communist Chinese and the Nationalist Chinese should ever sincerely wish to sit down together to thresh out their differences—up to now each has adamantly refused to attend any meeting at which the other is represented, lest the meeting be construed to mean legal acceptance of a political status—they could do it through their scientists without risking "face."

Individual scientists in both Chinas belong to scientific societies affiliated with ICSU. But neither of the two Chinas is represented in the biggest of ICSU's constituent bodies, the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics, which accepts only national societies as members. The Chinese people are, in fact, alone among all the great peoples of Earth in their presentday exclusion from the IUGG. Accounting as they do for one-quarter of the planet's total population, they are conspicuously missed. And we are able to publish the article beginning on page 47 because IUGG's president, Professor J. Tuzo Wilson, of the University of Toronto, journeyed into the hill-hedged heart of the Chinese mainland to try to encourage Mao's scientists to make the IUGG company truly global.



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In seeking out Professor Wilson at the ICSU meeting in Washington, and in urging him to confide to the American people the contents of some of his suitcaseload of Chinese notebooks, the Science Editor of the *Saturday Review* followed the philosophy of science. The question of diplomatic recognition of Mao's government in China was not involved. He was concerned only with the open dissemination of knowledge, in this case knowledge which can be pictographed succinctly (compare the idyllic surveying scene in the masthead photo above with the restrained power emerging from such surveys: the hydroelectric dam (left).

China is plainly revolutionizing the feeding of its millions. The Communists boast that the country today has more acres under irrigation than at any time in the last forty centuries. So many projects are being directed toward the fruitful watering and planting of the good earth that calls for manpower to complete them have produced a public education program which could provoke laughter if it were possible to laugh about the implications of a labor shortage in a land

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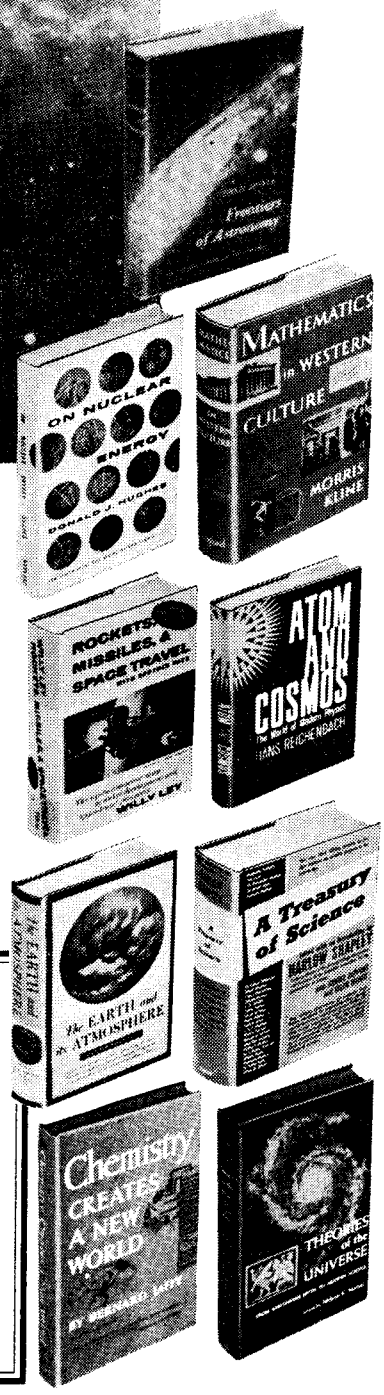


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of 600,000,000 people. One lesson in Mao's modernization primer, for instance, teaches how a wheelbarrow can free two men for tasks that cannot be done with a shoulderpole, and that an oxcart releases nine men for work at a higher level than brute force. Since 500,000,000 of China's 600,000,000 souls are unschooled peasants, their progress must be advanced by just such short and tedious steps. Yet the accumulation of those steps is confidently expected to take China past Britain's output of steel in the next fifteen years.

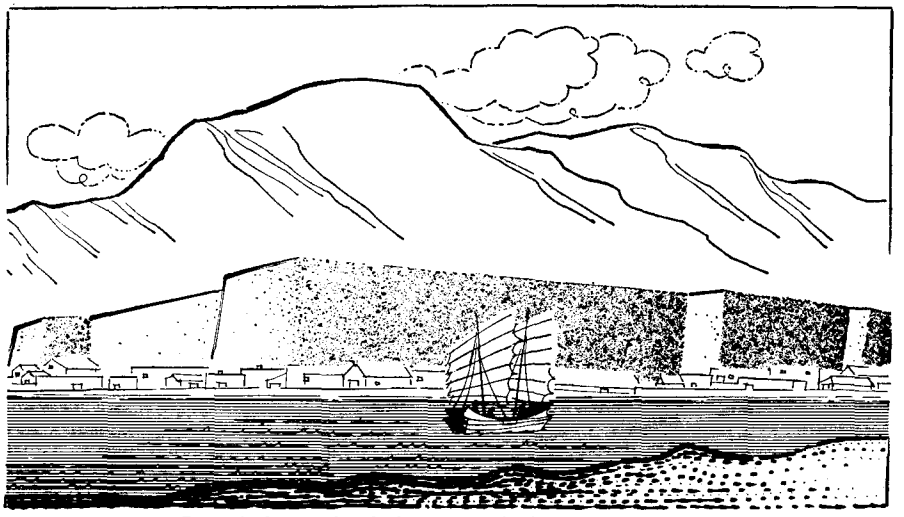
Scientists are people, and it is patently wrong to say that they are free of bias and prejudice. But they do recognize objectivity as a desirable trait in its own right. Professor Wilson separates what he saw from what he was told. Some of his one-sentence observations could profitably be spelt out to page length. On an evening stroll, for instance, he tells of witnessing steel being made in a blast furnace as small as a barrel. The Rand Corporation—a select band of scientists paid by the U.S. Air Force to gear our defense thinking to unpleasant realities—classifies this miniaturization of modern industry in several categories of significance: (a) it shows that the Chinese are avoiding the early Russian mistake of slavishly copying enterprises too gigantic for quick development by an agrarian society (b) it would make the country "extraordinarily resilient under enemy attack, . . . well adapted to the task of recuperation in a post-attack period, . . . and . . . considerably less sensitive to the hazards of modern military conflict than . . . even . . . most . . . other Communist countries." Whatever one may think of the way Mao's government is running China, it would be foolhardy to ignore the appeal that modernization-on-a-small-scale inevitably has for the poor and underdeveloped lands around China, to the west of those lands, on the African continent, and still further west in South America.

Professor Wilson also tells us that the scientists on whom China's future depends were trained principally in Western schools and "cannot in my opinion be thought of entirely apart from our Western culture." They have borrowed Communism from the Russians, but they have mixed it with an invigorating strain of American competitive spirit. The brave sound is unmistakable in their marching song:

"Rip holes in the sky—
we'll patch them!
Crack the earth's crust—
we'll mend it!
For we can tame oceans,
We can move mountains."

—JOHN LEAR,
*Science Editor.*

*A Visit Behind the Ancient Wall of Lanchow*



*—Doug Anderson sketch, from author's photo, taken on north bank of Hwang Ho.*

# RED CHINA'S HIDDEN CAPITAL OF SCIENCE

## *An Exclusive Eyewitness Report*

By J. TUZO WILSON, *President, International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics.*

—LANCHOW,
PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA.

THESE notes are being written as I travel about the interior of China. I am setting them down in small books of a size convenient for propping on a crossed knee. As I write I am being jiggled and jostled in automobiles and on railway carriages, and the result is a truncated longhand which I believe cannot be deciphered by anyone else but me. By the time I get out of China and have a chance to read them, perhaps even I may not be able to break the code. In any case, I am sure that the name Lanchow will be enough to remind me of the end of an idle debate I had carried on with myself for many years. The subject of the argument was: Which is the fastest growing city in the world? The three traditional competitors had been Sao Paulo in Brazil, Houston in Texas, and Toronto in Canada, my own home. None of those three old favorites is any longer in the running now that I have seen Lanchow.

Somewhere in the neighborhood of Lanchow (pronounced Lan-jó) the Chinese race emerged in ages past. Lanchow itself is an ancient abode, long a principal gateway to China from Central Asia. It lies on the old Silk Road around the Tibetan mountains to Turkestan, India, Arabia, and Europe. As far back as the Chin dynasty (200 B.C.) it was known as the Golden City, as much for the yellow loess that has blown from the western deserts and drifted deep on its hills as for its entreport trade and its rich fields and orchards.

The old city is surrounded by a formidable wall of mud brick, thirty feet thick and nearly as high, tightly arched around a mountain spur on the south bank of the Hwang Ho (Yellow River) at a point where the valley restraining the stream broadens into a sudden plain probably a dozen miles long. The wall is breached now by many roads and will undoubtedly be taken away in time, but it is at present a picturesque fortress within which the clay walls and dusty tile roofs of the houses cling to the hills like so many inverted swallows' nests whose occupants have been disturbed by the incredible noise, the belching smokestacks, the clouds of dust, and the strange new restlessness that science has intruded both upstream and down into the passive waiting of the old Orient.

Mr. Tien Yu-San, the dark and genial, always polite and almost al-

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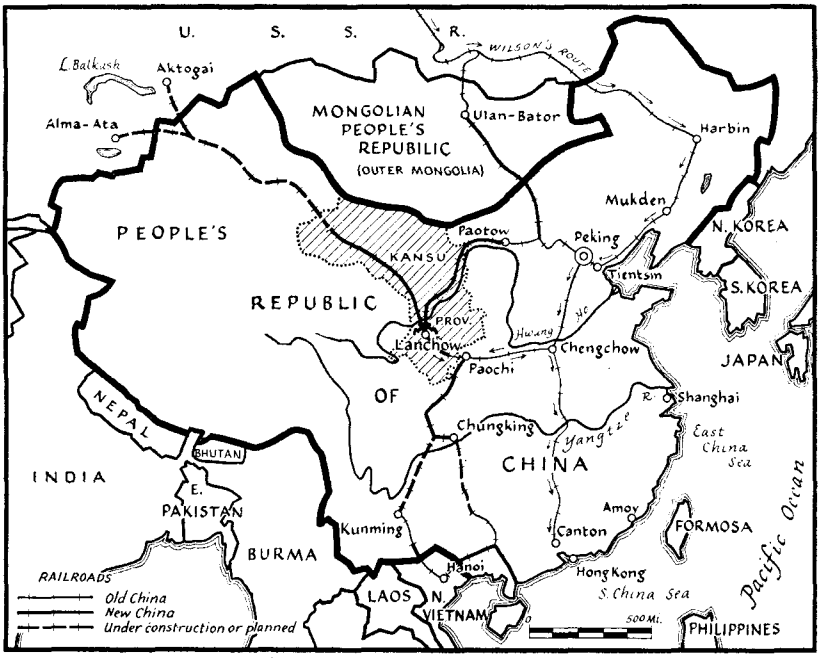


—Lee Hunt.

**Jade Gate, reached from West through Kansu Corridor, was classical China's front door. Rail map above shows how modern China again is facing inland.**

ways smiling interpreter who accompanied me here from Peking on a railway sleeper, is in a sense a symbol of the prevailing turbulence. In 1946, he was a high school teacher of Chinese literature. Assigned to classes in Lanchow, he was still a two-weeks walk away from his school when the train stopped at what was at that time the railway terminus in Paochi. For a whole fortnight he had trudged alongside an oxcart that trundled his books and clothing through the mountain gorges of the Wei Ho before he finally reached his pupils. The city he entered then, footsore and weary, had a population of 118,000 and was regarded as an Ultima Thule by the people of China's eastern plains. Who but a criminal, the plainsmen asked, should be sent to so desolate a spot, where the summer is hot and arid and the winter wind is cold—a place where the trees are few, the hills overgrazed and barren?

THE Mr. Tien who entered Lanchow in company with me in the late summer of 1958 is a translator of scientific documents and papers. The city he brought me to is peopled by 800,000 souls. Kansu Province, of which Lanchow is the capital, has tripled its old populace of 10,000,000. The railway tracks no longer end at Paochi, nor even at Lanchow, but run 800 miles to the northwest and are steadily approaching the Russian border. What this means depends on the map you read. On a map of China proper, Lanchow appears on the western marches. On a map of greater China —which includes the vast and formerly remote reaches of Mongolia, Sinkiang, and Tibet—Lanchow marks the strategic as well as the geographic center. The new Chinese regime is clearly planning the development of the city with that in mind.

The rails that connect Lanchow with Paochi are hard proof of a thrilling feat of engineering. They creep around hundreds of hairpin turns on the sides of precipitous gorges while the locomotive engineers whistle repeated warning to track crews eternally watchful for the crash of rockslides. Through all of an afternoon, the following night, and the next morning our train wove in and out of a succession of 187 tunnels to the poignant rise and fall of the cry of escaping steam. And the Paochi-Lanchow line is only one of Lanchow's new rail routes. Another parallels the Great Wall from here directly into Peking, connecting near Peking with a new line northward to Russia's Lake Baikal through Ulan-Bator in Outer Mongolia. I was told that the Lanchow-Peking traffic had opened on 1 August 1958, and I saw the reinforced concrete bridge just east of Lanchow by which the track crosses the Hwang Ho. Even more formidable than any of these "forward leaps" (to use the fashionable Chinese slogan of the moment) is the railway from Paochi south across the 12,000 foot Tsin Ling mountains to Chungking. It connects the Hwang Ho and the Yangtze valleys, ends the historic separation between northern and southern China, and ties both directly to Moscow. The route runs far inland, is guarded by the rugged terrain it traverses, and is much shorter than the Trans-Siberian line on which I traveled for eight days to reach Mr. Tien.

Lanchow is lonely, as its critics lament. The mountains that tower several thousand feet above its 5,000 foot elevation are forbidding. But the skies are as clear here as those over Denver, Colorado; the hills, with some slight rearrangement, might be the same ones that are now behind Boulder in that same state of the United States; there is enough rainfall to grow grain and support grazing; and irrigated orchards grow fruits unsurpassed in all China. Lanchow is, in short, a challenge from nature, and it is being confronted by the most enthusiastic cadres of Mao Tse-tung. Here one sees the new China at work most actively. The volume of construction underway is staggering. I shall describe exactly what I saw during the three days I was in the city. But first I should explain how it was that I came to be in the People's Republic of China and why I chose to visit Lanchow.

• • •

LAST spring, when I learned that I would be a Canadian delegate to the meeting of the Committee for the International Geophysical Year in Moscow early in August, it occurred to me that it would be interesting and might be useful to return to Canada by travelling across Asia to the Pacific. Accordingly I wrote to the secretaries of both the Academia Sinica in Peking and of the Academia Sinica in Taipeh proposing such a trip. I explained to these dignitaries of the National Academies of Science of the two Chinas that I would like to see something of the geophysical work being done under their respective jurisdictions and, in my role as president of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics, to discuss with them a matter of concern to the IUGG: that among the Union's fifty-five members, the only major country not represented is China.

Not everyone realizes the quiet but wide influence of arrangements reached through the IUGG and its sister societies in the International Council of Scientific Unions. The very fact that I could send letters to China and get replies within a few days is proof of the existence of common rules for carriage of mails. It is likewise paradoxical that throughout the Communist Chinese shelling of Nationalist Chinese troops on Matsu and Quemoy, the mainland scientists telegraphed their usual weather reports to meteorological stations on For-

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mosa. In other fields, the scientific study of the Earth cannot be properly carried on if large gaps exist in our exchange of information. Chinese earthquakes, for example, are of great importance to other lands, while China has much to gain in many ways.

In view of the international situation, I did not, of course, expect to solve the problems at once. Indeed, I had no authority to do so. But I could at least explore the difficulties which had to be overcome before China could be represented in the IUGG, and I could show the scientists whom I visited that there was an international interest in their work.

Before leaving home, I obtained unanimous authority to make the trip on behalf of the IUGG. As a Canadian citizen, I consulted my government. It had no objection. The Canadian, Russian, and Chinese authorities were all so helpful that shortly before 8 o'clock in the evening of 18 August last, having attended the IGY meeting in Moscow, I took a taxi alone to the Yaroslavl station there and boarded the Moscow-Peking express on the Trans-Siberian Railway without having had much more trouble than is involved in catching a train anywhere else.

The carriage that I had boarded in Moscow brought me through Harbin, Mukden, and Tientsin to Peking. Mr. Tien was there to greet me in English. Several Chinese scientists and representatives of the Communist government travel service were with him. It was a relief to be able to converse freely in English again. During the whole of the way across Siberia, no one on the train appeared to have the least knowledge of English, nor of French, the only foreign language of which I have much knowledge. I had to order meals in the dining car with the few words of Russian I had learned during the IGY meetings in Moscow. But I must say I ate well.

My Chinese hosts took me to a room in the newest wing of the large and modern Peking Hotel. This hostelry is seven stories high and fifty windows wide across the front. Its servants are uniformed and polite. They will not accept the smallest tip, although prices are very low. No one locks his room door. The whole place is clean and polished. It is clearly a show place, inhabited by guests of the government ing the Chinese restaurant—the principal restaurant in the largest hotel in Peking. His momentary uncertainty assured me that I was indeed in the hands of genuine scientists and not in the hands of professional guides.

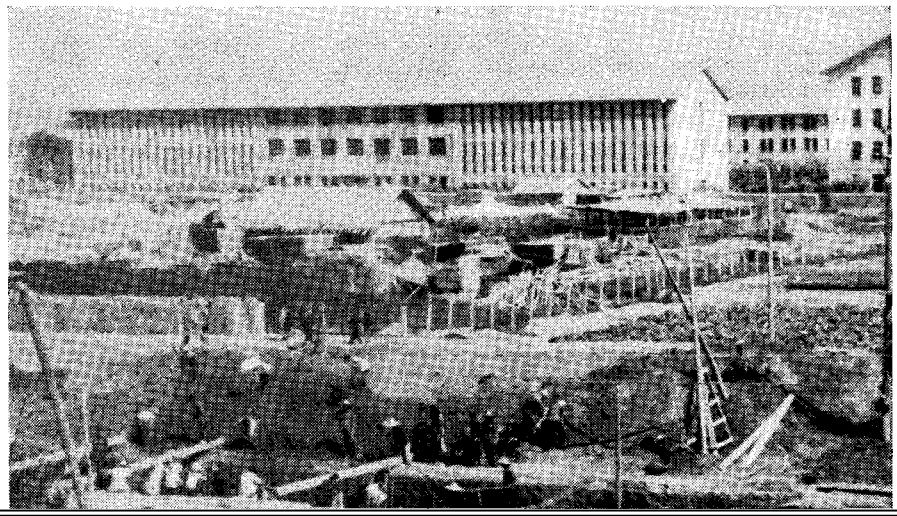
Mr. Tien has accompanied me everywhere I have gone in China. But he has not shadowed me nor spied upon me. I have enjoyed his company and his help. As far as language is concerned, however, I sometimes think I could almost get along without him. Most of the senior scientists I have met speak English or at least understand it. Quite a few of them are graduates of American, European, and Canadian universities and cannot, in my opinion, be thought of entirely apart from our Western culture.

ASIDE from a little sightseeing, my first day and a half in Peking were chiefly spent in meeting some of the Chinese scientists and discussing my itinerary. They proposed that I spend nine days in Peking and then two or three days in each of Nanking, Shanghai, Hanchow, and Canton. I told them as politely as I could that while I agreed about Peking, I thought the coast was less interesting than the interior of China from the point of view of a geophysicist and that if convenient, I would prefer to go inland up the Hwang Ho to the ancient capital of Sian and thence to Lanchow.

On my second evening in the Communist Chinese capital, Dr. Pei Li-Sheng, the secretary of the Academia Sinica, tendered me a Peking duck dinner, a delicious but formidable affair in about twelve courses. At the beginning of the feast Dr. Pei warmly assured me that I and any of my compatriots would always be welcome in China because Canada was the land of Dr. Bethune and the Chinese people would never forget Dr. Bethune. I was flabbergasted. I had only the vaguest recollection of even hearing of this doctor. It turned out that he was a Canadian who started a blood transfusion service during the troubles in China. As the Chinese are traditionally averse to blood transfusions, he had given his own blood on occasion as an example. He had died of infection and had been made into something of a hero.

I thanked Dr. Bethune inwardly for giving me a good sendoff. As the meal proceeded I learned that the Academia Sinica has the grant-giving functions of the National Science Foundation in the United States, as well as the more traditional scientific responsibilities of the National Academy of Sciences. It governs all basic research on the China mainland. It controls some fifty-odd scientific institutes, among them an Institute of Geophysics and Meteorology, an Institute of Geology, an Institute of Paleontology in Nanking, and an Institute of Vertebrate Paleontology in Peking. This last has a working group in Choukoudien, site of the famous caves where the 500,000-year-old bones of the Peking man were found.

During the dinner with Dr. Pei, I exchanged views with him on the



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—*Eastfoto.*

A bike-like rice planter . . .

—*Eastfoto.*

. . . a hand-powered winnower . . .

—*Eastfoto.*

. . . a man-driven dredge . . .

problems of cooperation between the geophysicists of the People's Republic of China and the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics. We drank many toasts in the mild Chinese wines and liquors. Fortunately, no decisions had to be made.

I started my tour of scientific work in China next morning by driving to the Institute of Geophysics and Meteorology. This establishment is one of a great collection of hundreds of new laboratories, office buildings, and dormitories laid out along treelined avenues new-cut through the onetime vegetable gardens northwest of the city. I was immediately impressed, but not fully appreciative of the immensity of the undertaking until a second visit when the Chinese car driver got lost in the welter of construction. It seems quite possible that as many as 100,000 scientists and students might soon be working in the area. The Institute I visited was only a very tiny part of this tremendous development, but its one new permanent building was typical of nearly all the other new university buildings, so I shall describe it.

It is well-built of grey brick, three stories high, with a tile roof. Inside are three stairways connecting central corridors which run the length of the rectangular building. On each floor and in the basement are a couple of dozen rooms with white plastered walls, terrazzo flooring, electric lights, running water, a few coils for steam heat, and doors and windows that open and shut properly. The senior scientists have bare and simple offices of their own, equipped with the necessary furniture and plenty of books. Laboratories have good benches, blackboards, sinks, adequate outlets for electricity, water, and gas.

I was told that the Institute of Geophysics and Meteorology had been formed in 1928 as an Institute of Meteorology. Seven years later, according to my hosts, there were only fifty meteorological stations in China. Now, they stated, there are 1500 stations (of which 400 are pilot balloon stations and seventy radiosonde) contributing four times daily to the composition of daily, three-day, and monthly forecasts.

I went first to the Institute directorate and there, over a comforting cup of green tea, I was greeted by the director, Dr. Chao Chin-Chan; the assistant director, Dr. Chang Wen-Yu; and Dr. Lee Shan-Pang. All spoke English. Dr. Lee had certainly visited the United States. He has 150 seismologists working for him in stations scattered about the country. His staff is said to man thirty stations, which seems reasonable since I saw three of them and in Moscow the Russians had told me they received bulletins from twenty-three and expected soon to be hearing from sixteen more. The seismographs used in Dr. Lee's network are of five main types, one a simple instrument designed by Dr. Lee for the purpose of getting a network started quickly when he was told to do that in 1951.

DR. LEE'S chief research project arose from the desire of government for a map or maps indicating the frequency and intensity of earthquakes to be expected in every part of China. This was to allow suitable precautions in erecting dams, bridges, buildings, railways, and so forth. As is well known, many parts of China have severe earthquakes from time to time. Since only two seismograph stations had been operated under the old regime, the instrumental records were adequate only in those regions where earthquakes are so numerous that useful data could be obtained during the very few years of the new network's existence. For the plains, where quakes are less frequent but may be dangerous, Dr. Lee put 150 historians to work for two years reviewing the whole literature of China. They found about 10,000 useful references to individual earthquakes occurring between 1189 B.C. and the present. Through careful analysis of this very imperfect and varied data, Dr. Lee has drawn preliminary drafts of the required maps. Two of the three volumes of his remarkable report have already been published and favorably reviewed in the *Bulletin of the Seismological Society of America.*

Many of the scientists at the Institute of Geophysics and Meteorology are college graduates, but it seems also possible for a bright apprentice to become engaged in research and to obtain a bachelor's degree or diploma later. I think the Institute has research

—*J. Tuzo Wilson.*

. . . are typical peasant make-it-yourself primitive labor-savers, designed of native materials, which Professor Wilson saw displayed in this temple-become-museum.

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students and can award candidates degrees (roughly equivalent to Ph.D's,) but I am not quite clear on this point, perhaps because the policy is changing. Some such Institutes in the U.S.S.R. and in China, even though they are not related to universities, certainly do have the power to grant higher degrees.

ANOTHER curious feature of the Chinese approach to science is the wall posters which can be seen in varying numbers in almost every building. These large sheets of colored paper are covered with Chinese writing which, I was told, were statements of criticism or of praise which anyone might put up, directed against the director or anyone else in the establishment. I take it they are frequently personal and pointed, but I feel it improbable that they are spontaneous.

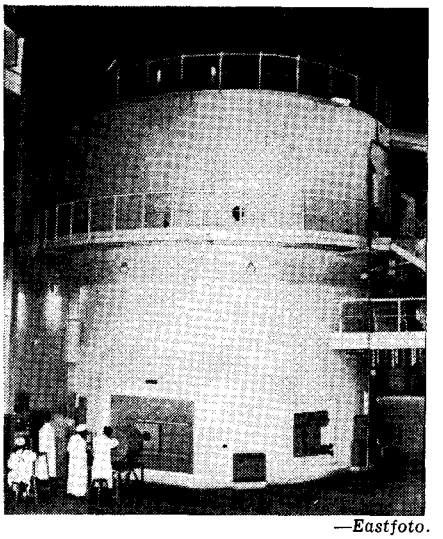
In most of the places I have visited, the directors seem to have been chosen for their scientific or technical experience, but I suppose that some of them may be regarded from time to time as less politically mature and correct than their employees. Likewise some of the employees might occasionally stand in need of correction. It seems to me that the wall poster is one ingenious method of keeping technically competent directors and indeed everyone on the correct political path without destroying their authority. Nevertheless, I wonder about the peace of mind of the director of one place I entered which was so plastered with posters in large Chinese characters that there was no more room on the walls; the posters were hung on strings across the corridors, so that it was a little like an obstacle race to visit the laboratories.

A THIRD new element in the modern Chinese culture is physical exercise. In the past, intellectuals in China looked down upon physical labor in any form, an attitude that tended to make them impractical and was resented by the laborers. To avoid continuation of this custom, the present regime is very insistent that everyone engage in both forms of activity. Therefore, in the middle of the morning and again in the afternoon at all offices, institutes, and colleges, bells ring, loudspeakers are turned on and everyone troops outside for ten minutes of physical exercise to gay music. In many ways this seems to be an improvement on the coffee break. The practice is taken quite seriously, for I have seen charwomen stop scrubbing and stand up and do ten minutes of calisthenics before resuming their scrubbing again.

In furtherance of the new activist philosophy there is also emphasis on sport, chiefly basketball. The nets can be seen all over China. They are so numerous that it seemed to me it would have been better to refer to Canada as the land of Dr. Naismith (who was born in Ontario and who invented basketball) rather than as the land of Dr. Bethune.

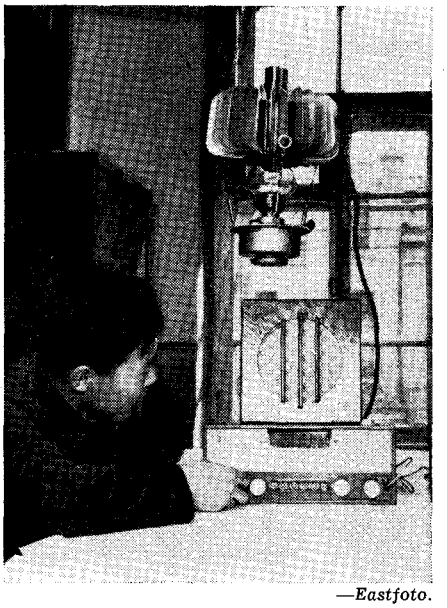
Space permits only an impressionistic picture of what I saw, heard, and felt during the remainder of my nine days in Peking and the three days I spent in Sian before leaving for Lanchow . . . Bargains in silk, embroidery, furs, and handicraft of every kind go begging in the Peking shops. No one would dare to wear anything but the plainest clothes in China today and there are no tourists. . . . The Chinese opera is cheap, well attended, melodramatic, with an intense noise of gongs: the battles of the hero with the tiger and the villain are the best stage fights I ever hope to see . . . The Peking Central Geophysical Observatory includes a new solar observatory and apparatus for the study of cosmic rays . . . Five more teeth of the Peking Man have recently been found . . . One of the two Institutes of Geology in Peking has completed the mapping of much of China, except Tibet, on a one-millionth scale; at the other Institute I saw instruments associated with the measurement of radioactivity and chemical laboratories devoted to the study of germanium, gallium, and indium—all metals useful in transistors. . . . The Institute of Geological Prospecting, a teaching unit of the Ministry of Geology, has 6,000 students, a faculty of 600, a five-year course and six departments of instruction: geological surveying, prospecting for minerals, prospecting for petroleum and natural gas, geophysical exploration, hydraulic and engineering geology, and mining geology. . . . Night and correspondence courses of all kinds are common phenomena. . . . Girls work alongside boys in machine shops everywhere. . . .

I was told that there are now 200 colleges and universities on the mainland with about 480,000 students. . . . It is government policy to unify the spoken language of all the 600 million people of the Chinese or Han race by teaching only the Mandarin (Pekingese) dialect in primary schools (other dialects may continue to be spoken in homes). This would enable everyone to understand one another and to listen to the same broadcasts. It would also simplify communication of exact scientific information by allowing the introduction of a new written language based on Mandarin and phonetically spelt in the English alphabet with some accents. . . . The intent is to abolish illiteracy and to have primary schools



—*Eastfoto.*

China also enjoys sophisticated science: A Russian-designed Atom-furnace . . .



—*Eastfoto.*

. . . and a transistorized kerosene lamp that generates electricity.

in every village. . . . In senior high schools a second language is started —usually English or Russian but permissibly also German, French, or Japanese. . . . College students must learn one language fluently and must be able to read a second. . . .

The railway between Peking and Paochi is in the process of being double-tracked across the Hwang Ho. When the train entered the junction city of Chengchow, I counted: 191 large new buildings which might house factories or institutes, a water tower, a parachute practice tower, a new railway station, ten iron or steel furnaces, and an electric power switch station. There are numerous electric lines in this district, even far out in the country. . . . Around Sian, the capital of the Chin dynasty which first

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unified China 2200 years ago, the great increase in building has revealed many archeological sites, one of which holds relics of the two last of the five neolithic stages of man's development about 5,000 years ago.

• • •

MR. TIEN and I arrived in Lanchow by train from Sian shortly after breakfast. We had eaten as we descended from the loesshills through a broad valley whose sides were terraced in grain fields and at whose bottom were flat patches of irrigated rice crops and turnips. Dr. Tung Chieh, an agriculturalist, the very active and busy director of the local branch of the Academia Sinica, met us with two companions at the station on the plain east of the old city wall.

We drove along a broad boulevard, directly north for a mile and a half towards the Hwang Ho. While yet only part way to the river, we stopped at an intersection with an east-west boulevard. Three lines of poplar trees divided each of the two highways into four roads, giving each a total width of ten traffic lanes. At the junction, a small circular park had been planted with trees and flowers. On the four corners facing the park were a research building of the Academy, the University of Lanchow, a new hotel, and a vacant lot.

On this formerly empty plain, Dr. Tung pointed out, the new city of Lanchow is being built. In its present state it reminds me of Edmonton, Alberta, or Lincoln, Nebraska, when I first saw those two cities twenty-five years ago — planned in magnificent style but rather gap-toothed. There are fine buildings, with large vacant spaces between them occupied by piles of construction materials, disreputable shacks and derelict walls and gardens. There is, however, this difference between what I see in Lanchow and what I had seen in Edmonton and Lincoln: in Lanchow, besides scores of new buildings, scores more are in process of erection.

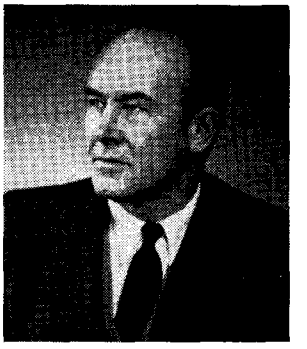
The trees, planted in 1956, are already twenty feet high. Someday they will grace splendid avenues. But their present appearance is marred by the presence in every large street of ditches fifteen feet deep, in which sewers and water mains are being laid down by thousands of people working twenty-four hours a day in all parts of the city at once. The work is spurred on by the blare of gay and martial music from a hundred loudspeakers hung on lampposts. Since the streets are largely blocked with the piles of earth from the ditches and with the waiting lengths of pipe, and since the loose earth produces great clouds of dust, the cars and trucks can work their way through the melee of bicycles and horse-drawn carts only by slow degrees and the continuous blowing of horns.

Surviving the bedlam as far as the hotel, I found that establishment excellent. It was seven stories high, with thirty-six large windows across the facade fronting on the park. Room 301, to which I was escorted, was a two-room suite with a tiled private bathroom and a balcony overlooking the center of Lanchow's explosive expansion.

It was decided that Mr. Tien and I should spend the first morning with

**PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XXXII**

# NEW CHINA HAND



—*Randolph MacDonald: Eaton's.*

J. TUZO WILSON has one of the loftiest names in all of science. He shares it with Mt. Tuzo (altitude, 10,658 feet) in the Canadian Rockies. The relationship sounds odd but is quite natural. The mountain and the man were named by the same woman. In fact, the late Henrietta Tuzo, English-born daughter of a Hudson's Bay doctor-turned-banker, met her future husband in the course of her christening climb of Mt. Tuzo in 1906, and two years after that meeting J. Tuzo Wilson was born.

As a child, Tuzo listened to his mother's reminiscences of the mountains. In time he began to wonder how mountains grew. What happened in the Earth's crust to push mountains and continents up from the sea? What were the natural laws that governed these movements? To find out, Tuzo took a B.A. in geology and physics at Toronto University (after public schooling in Ottawa, where his father, John Wilson, was controller of civil aviation for the Dominion government), an M.A. at Cambridge (which this year also awarded him a Doctorate of Science), and a Ph.D. at Princeton. Then he left his books to join the Canadian Geological Survey in mapping the great unknown stretches of his country, whose history has been so largely determined by its mountains and its mountain roots.

When the Commonwealth of nations to which Canada belongs was threatened by Hitler's Germany, John Tuzo Wilson enlisted in its defense as an Army engineer. He served abroad for four years, returning to Ottawa as a Lieutenant Colonel in charge of Operations Research at Canadian Army headquarters. From there he directed Exercise Muskox, an eighty-day mechanized expedition from Hudson's Bay across 3,100 miles of Arctic tundra to the Peace River country in Canada's oil-rich west. For the brilliance of this performance he was twice decorated: by the Americans with the Legion of Merit, and by his own people as an Officer of the British Empire.

Peace took him back to the University of Toronto as Professor of Geophysics. He began to weave his practical experience into the theory his students found in their textbooks. By insisting on an understanding of the fundamental physical processes which operate within the Earth, he lifted his courses out of the static realm of old-fashioned geology. His reputation for dynamic teaching spread to other parts of the British Commonwealth. He was invited to lecture in Australia and South Africa. Last year the horizon of recognition widened further with his election as president of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics, largest of the societies comprising the International Council of Scientific Unions. How the responsibilities attached to this honor led him to China he explains in these pages.

In the midst of travel that has carried him twice around the globe in the last few years, Professor Wilson has managed to continue his own scientific research. Among the latest of fifty or more technical studies bearing his name is a 1958 map of the glaciology of Canada. His eminence and influence both at home and abroad is now established in his position as one of the twenty-one members of the National Research Council, the Canadian equivalent of our own National Science Foundation. The weight of all this has not diminished the Professor's sense of humor. With his wife (the former Isabel Dickson of Ottawa) and two daughters (Pat, 14, and Sue, 11) he finds considerable fun between the family's Toronto house in Roxborough Street East and a fifty-year-old cabin on Georgian Bay, which Mrs. Wilson named "Woodlouse Welcome" before the Professor made it respectable by building onto it a study which he dubbed "Awry on the Rocks." —ROBERTA SILMAN.

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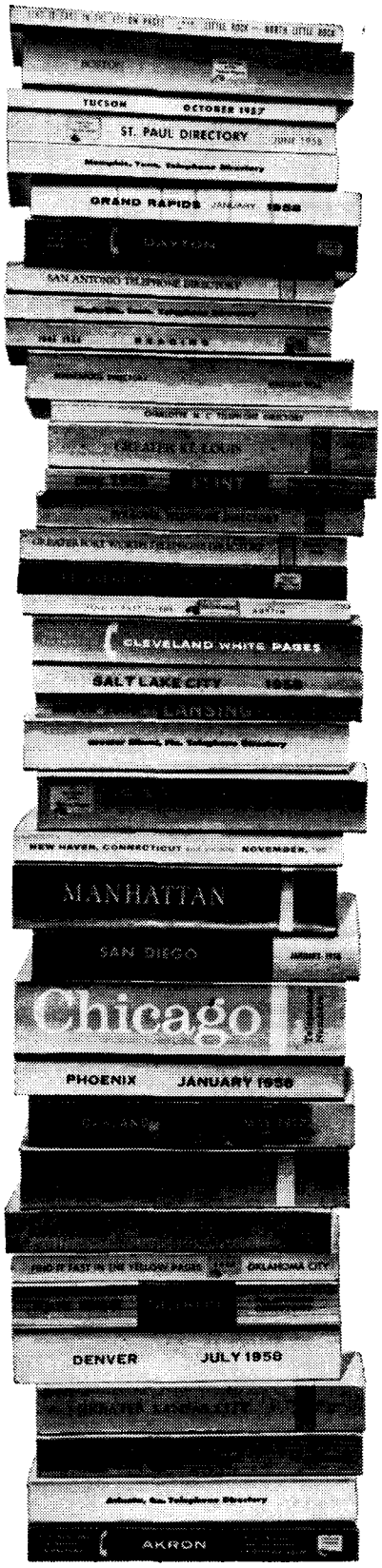
Dr. Tung at the branch of the Academy of Sciences across the street from the hotel. Dr. Tung himself showed us over his domain. He said the Academy's site covered 863 Chinese acres (a Chinese *mou* is one-sixth as large as an acre). A model of it revealed thirty-five buildings. He hoped that within ten years 15,000 people would be working here and that an additional 25,000 children and relatives of theirs would also live here. At present there are 900 workers, with 1500 expected by the end of 1958. A recent drive to expand the staff lasted two months, but ended in recruitment of only 300 of the 500 sought. Every district in the new China wants school graduates and is reluctant to let them leave home, Dr. Tung explained. So relatives of the present workers are being trained instead to fill the vacancies. For many, this means attending classes in the morning and doing their jobs in the afternoon. The 300 new recruits include primary school, secondary school, and college graduates. Both the librarian and the chemist in the geology division (who is the only college graduate in his laboratory) want more college graduates. Incredible as it may sound, many people have complained to me of a labor shortage in China, not only of skilled people but of common laborers. There is so vast a construction program now underway that I believe the shortage is probably real.

Building of the Lanchow science center started late in 1955. The library was finished first, in 1957. Two research buildings and two dormitories have been finished since then, and the building to house geological research is under construction. Geology is temporarily housed in an older building. Many new rock specimens in its collections show that Kansu Province is rich in minor metals. I saw celestite, wolframite, and many pegmatite minerals, many base metal ores, and also optical rock salt and oil-rich sediments.

I WALKED through the library building. It is nearly all occupied by stacks. My private observations indicate that the library has two wings, each five stories high, that each story had forty bays of twelve bookcases and that the bookcases were seven shelves high, each shelf holding from twenty-five to forty books. This agrees perfectly with my host's statement that the library is intended to hold one million books. I saw evidence that they are rapidly buying and binding books to mushroom their present stock of 130,000 volumes. And I might interpolate here that in every case where I have been able to make a visual check of my own, or where I have had two sep-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arate sources of information, I have found the Chinese statements about quantity and date to be accurate.

THE science library is chiefly devoted to the subjects in which the Academy is interested: physics, chemistry, biology, geology, geophysics, astronomy, geography, computing, power, electronics, electrical engineering, soils, petroleum engineering, and hydrobiology. (Medicine is handled by another Academy, whose buildings I saw next to the Lanchow University. Agriculture is said to be in the hands of local authorities.) After telling me that they kept 2600 periodicals in these specialties on file, the librarians produced recent issues of a half dozen Canadian journals as a polite gesture. The stock is plainly at their fingertips whenever they want it. The building that houses them is certainly up to date, being made of reinforced concrete and brick, air conditioned, and electrically lighted, with steel shelves. There are alcoves for research but no reading rooms, as borrowed books are to be taken to other Academy buildings for persual.

From the library Dr. Tung led us to one of the two completed blocks of research laboratories, and took us upstairs. There he introduced us to a project for which China clearly has great hopes. Dr. Tung Cheng, a modest scientist, has discovered that desert shrubs of certain species of the genus Apocynum (popularly called Lopuma), contain strong fibers in the bark which after treatment can be made into cloth, rivaling cotton. This bush grows wild, I was told, in the driest and most alkaline deserts in the country. It is said to be able to survive in soil twenty-four per cent salt (ordinary plants die at three-tenths of one per cent) with only two inches of rainfall a year.

Dr. Tung talked hopefully of planting thirty million Chinese acres with this plant by 1962, so that the present cotton acreage can be released for growing food. I was given samples of the stuff, of which the British are reported to have bought 100 tons for experiment. To the present, the Chinese have had to use existing textile machines, but now they are anxiously awaiting delivery of specially designed equipment. I can not tell whether the optimism is justified, but it has spurred investigation of many other native plants. For my own encouragement, I suppose, I was loaded down with delicious raisins, grapes, apples, pears, and melons, all grown locally by irrigation.

My host, in parting, pointed out that to reduce the dust, grazing has been stopped and small trees are being planted on the hills around Lanchow. The hills are indeed greener here than elsewhere. Irrigation has been greatly increased, too; I was told that diversion of the whole Tao River has been proposed as a means of irrigating 20,000,000 more Chinese acres. Even control of the perennially rampant Hwang Ho is not beyond this exuberant region's dreams.

After lunch that day I was driven to the Lanchow Geophysical Observatory, which had been built especially for the IGY and was purposely secluded far from main roads and factories. The drive was therefore interesting in itself. I saw how the big boulevards of the new city joined wide roads slashed through the old city wall. All were being prepared for inauguration of trolley-bus service in October. We crossed the muddy Hwang Ho and on the far bank passed three more new technical schools, a home for nurses, and a factory for making paper out of grass. Turning towards the hills, we skirted fields of root vegetables grown on land strewn with river gravel to conserve moisture. Our high-axled Pobeda cleared the deep mud, but stalled on the final hill where the three buildings of the Geophysical Observatory perched inside a wall.

For all the loneliness of the place, I saw in the library recent numbers of perhaps twenty or thirty geophysical and instrument journals from the United States, England, France, Italy, and Germany as well as others from China and Russia. In the seismic vaults I watched operation of a set nine new seismographs, mostly on Russian design and Chinese make. This would be a pretty good seismological station anywhere.

At another point in the hills we stopped at an abandoned Buddhist

## *What to Read*

U.S. CUSTOMS and Post Office officials have done their utmost to keep Red Chinese literature out of the hands of the American people. Even documents addressed to accredited scholars have been delayed in delivery for weeks, sometimes months. But now that the National Academy of Sciences, the Council on Foreign Relations, the National Science Foundations, the Office of Technical Services of the U.S. Department of Commerce, and the Committee on Government Operations of the U.S. Senate are all desperately scraping together whatever bits and pieces of information they can lay hands on, it may no longer be an act of suspicion to ask about Mao's China in bookshops and public libraries.

Few books on China consider science seriously, let alone try to appraise the significance of Mao's twelve-year plan for scientific development of the country—the only plan of that length that the Communists have drawn up outside agriculture which for centuries has been the backbone of Chinese life. All other plans are limited to five year spans.

The effects of scientific technology are, however, reflected in Fairbanks' classic "The United States and China" (Harvard Press), Rostow's "Prospects for Communist China" (MIT Technology Press-Wiley), Tang's "Communist China Today" (Praeger), Shabad's "China's Changing Map" (Praeger), Cressey's "Land of the 500 Million" (McGraw-Hill), Gluckstein's "Mao's China" (Beacon), Guillain's "600 Million Chinese" (Criterion), and the Boorman-Eckstein-Mosley-Schwartz "Moscow-Peking Axis" (Harper).

We don't know how many libraries have copies of Rand Corporation reports; where they are available, we recommend Nos. P-1298, RH-1893, RM-1821, RM-1659, and a yet unnumbered because only recently declassified brief by Richard Moorsteen: "An Economic Development of Military Significance in Communist China."

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temple, which had been converted into a museum for the display of scale models of small labor-saving machines invented by sharp-witted peasants. Looking out from it upon the city below, I noticed a cluster of green roofs that had escaped my eye before. I asked what they were, and before long found myself amongst them. They sheltered the Institute of National Minorities, where 2,000 boys and girls from sixteen of China's fifty-one minority peoples (the other thirty-five are represented at four other Institutes) are brought to study for five years. Trades are taught here, a library of 200,000 books is available, and there is an assembly hall with 1700 seats each equipped with earphones for simultaneous translation in four languages. Small wonder that I have had some trouble explaining to the residents of Lanchow what has been happening in "Little Stone."

Returning to the hotel through the old town, we detoured through a three-story department store. On sale was a wide variety of cloth, clothing, shoes, utensils, tools, clocks, phonograph records, bicycles, candy, medicine, notions, musical instruments, flashlights, and more limited amounts of cooked food, toys, radios, and electrical equipment including a kerosene lamp with a transistor unit on top which converts the heat of the lamplight into enough current to run a radio. There were buyers but no queues.

Since Mr. Tien had a cold, we strolled the streets, looking for the acrid Tibetan olives he wanted to take as medicine. The moment I stood still a crowd of boys would gather to look me over. It is quite clear that no great number of foreigners are here, especially not tall foreigners. I did not see anyone my size (6 feet, 1 inch) except six Russians at the hotel and another man who may have been an Arab.

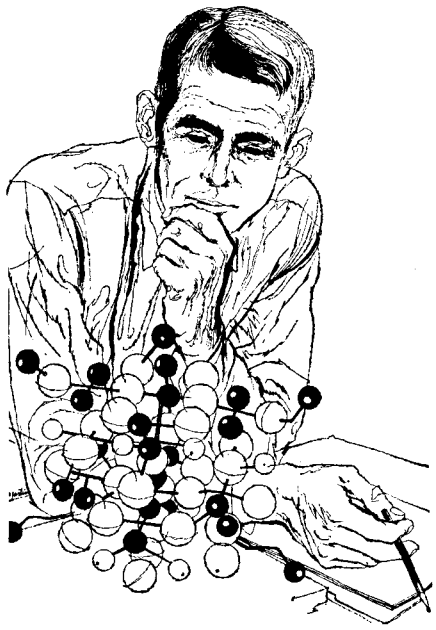
In the newer parts of town—the factory center west of the wall, the research center to the east—activity was unbelievable. I have mentioned the great ditches being dug for sewers and watermains. The diggers are almost all men, but pigtailed girls in western slacks and cotton print pajama coats hoist wicker baskets of earth or cart them away. There are power lines all over the place, often with men working on them. More lines are being hoisted for the trolley buses. Pounding their way through this chaos are an incredible mixture of large and heavily laden trucks, two-wheeled carts usually pulled by a horse with a donkey ahead of it, men pulling hand carts or pedalling bicycles. These vehicles carry a most varied assortment of loads: bricks, timbers, sand, gravel, tubs of water, vegetables for the market, furniture for new offices; pedicabs (pedalled descendants of the rickshaw) even carry two cylinders of compressed gas propped beneath their canopies.

The pandemonium goes on even at night, under floodlights. I happened to be out walking with Mr. Tien at 9:30 p.m. when someone nearby blew a whistle. One shift of workers swarmed up out of the ditches. "Who are they?" I asked Mr. Tien. He stopped the ones I chose at random. Through him they told me they were students in economics, that they had got up at 6 o'clock in the morning, had gone to classes from 8 to 12 and had worked here as volunteer labor from 2.30 o'clock until now. Throughout the city, they said, much of the work on this "afternoon" shift is done by volunteer students from institutes and schools, housewives, and office workers. What would happen to anyone who didn't volunteer I don't know. But these students seemed not particularly tired. They were happy to talk as long as I wanted.

I WAS puzzled to see so little supervision, no foremen to be seen standing around bossing the job as in Canada, only an occasional engineer or timekeeper in a tent or a surveyor and his assistant running levels. What keeps the people of Lanchow at work?

After completing our interviews, Mr. Tien and I walked to the railroad station. Around it, in the open, a few hundred people were sleeping in heaps, waiting for a train. The dim light and shadows gave a wild Oriental look to the huddled groups of sleeping children and their bundles, the tough peasants with shaven heads, strong shoulders and chests bared to the night air while the rest of their bodies were swatched in quilts. In front of the university we came upon about sixty students and teachers, busy wit ha small furnace, not much bigger than a barrel, but flaming away brilliantly. Mr. Tien thought we were witnessing a night school course in small scale steel making. At the hotel, the exhilarating music for the encouragement of the ditch-diggers was deafening. I shut the windows of my suite and stifled, but barely reduced its violence. It did not stop until 2 a.m., and it waked me again at 6. Should I take a bath? The bathroom was tiled, large and clean, the hot water clean and scalding, but the cold came in like a dish of cocoa, straight out of the Hwang Ho.

Before I leave for Chengchow, Canton, Hong Kong, Formosa, Japan, and my home in Toronto, I must enter a few observations about the University of Lanchow. Founded in 1946, the first

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in Kansu Province, it now has a faculty of 700 and 2,300 students. The only subjects of instruction are mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, geography, Chinese literature, history, and economics. About 300 of the students are taking literature, smaller numbers history and economics. That leaves 1,850 science students, all of whom take courses in physics—although only 450 of them are physics majors. The courses are being lengthened from four years to five. I found a dozen labs in the fine new brick physics building to be particularly well equipped, having plenty of instruments, a dozen air conditioned booths for optical experiments, and very good facilities for growing large metal crystals and studying their magnetic and other properties. The science in this wild and frenziedly growing outpost of Asia is, though limited by manpower, unquestionably up-to-date both in technology and theory.

IT IS astonishing, regardless of rights of the cause and the justice of the principles which may be involved, that so much attention is being devoted to two small off-shore islands at a time when so little is being given to the adjacent mainland where one quarter of the human race is in turmoil. Whether one likes it or not, a larger number of men than ever before are now organized in China under a single government. After several millennia of the same way of life, the Chinese race is now stirred to its depths. Its passive religions have been suppressed in favor of vigorous activism. Its ancient ideographs are being replaced by an alphabet. Family life, government, social organization, business—all have been profoundly altered. The whole country is being transformed at a fantastic rate.

It can be argued that similar progress could have been achieved by some other regime. It can be argued that the existing government may or should be replaced. These things are debatable. What is certain is that China will never again be the same. In this upheaval, science is important and scientists privileged because the Chinese realize that science provides the only way of changing China and improving the lot of its people.

IT IS sad to have to record that at the meetings in Moscow, many American, British, Finnish, Canadian, French, and Japanese scientists complained of lack of support. No Russian nor Chinese scientist did.

My visit to China was too brief and my knowledge too limited for me to wish to state any summary or conclusions, except one. What is happening in China is worth watching.

**SCIENCE IN BOOKS**

# JUPITER'S GREAT RED SPOT

*Is It An Air-Borne Island Thrice the Girth of Earth?*

JUPITER is the largest of the nine great planets that revolve around the Sun. Its distance from the Sun is rather more than five times that of the Earth. Its surface is surrounded by an atmosphere quite impenetrable either visually or photographically. The cloud formations—all that we have so far succeeded in actually observing—are at first glance little more than a series of dark and light bands. However, a remarkable series of ever changing phenomena are exhibited, many of them quite baffling. One is a dusky oval known to astronomers as the Great Red Spot.

Sometimes the Great Red Spot is faint. At other times, it is either uniformly dark or appears as an elongated dark or dusky ring.

A drawing executed on 5 September 1831 constitutes the earliest definite record of the Spot. The suggestion has been made that a somewhat smaller dark object recorded intermittently from 1664 to 1713 was an earlier manifestation of the Spot. If, as seems highly probable, this identification is correct, then the Spot is almost 300 years old.

That what we observe is not the solid surface of a uniformly rotating planet is inferred from the drift of the Spot. The phenomenon has wandered through a thousand degrees of longitude more or less capriciously.

The idea that the Red Spot might be due to a body floating at the surface of some sort of ocean was first proposed by G. W. Hough in 1881. In 1939 R. Wildt put forward the hypothesis that the ocean is highly compressed permanent gas. It is the author's belief, first expressed in 1939, that the upper surface of the solid lies at least tens of miles below the top of Jupiter's cloud layer.

One objection against the hypothesis of such a floating solid is the enormous bulk that must be assigned to the object, its length being more than three times the diameter of the Earth, its breadth almost treble that of North America, and its depth presumably at least 1,200 miles.

The essence of the author's original theory was that the substance, or one of the substances, of which the floating body is composed, should be capable of existing in at least two different solid phases. The body floats so that part of it is above and part of it below the atmospheric level at which is found the critical pressure for the transition. In stable conditions only the lighter phase will be found in the upper portion of the solid and only the denser phase in the lower.

NOW suppose that something occurs to disturb the equilibrium. In consequence the solid begins to rise. A section of it will pass from below to above the critical level. The substance in this section will begin to change from the denser into the lighter phase. This will almost certainly involve the intake of heat from the surrounding atmosphere. The tendency will be to disperse clouds and cause the area to appear dark to an outside observer.

If this reasoning is correct, then, during or soon after the rising of the solid, the Red Spot should appear to grow darker. Moreover, as the floating weight rises farther above the axis of Jupiter's rotation it will slow down the island's motion. The darkening should occur at or near a time when the rotation period of the Spot is growing longer. The author has compared the periods of darkness with the periods of acceleration of the Spot between 1892 and 1947. The association is impressive.

The main constituents of the Jovian atmosphere are probably two gases: hydrogen and helium. Even under great pressure, then, the floating solid must be some very light substance. What is the most promising material from which to construct it?

At pressures above twenty-five atmospheres, solid helium exists in an hexagonal phase which at a few thousand atmospheres goes over into a cubic form. This, then, would appear to offer a satisfactory solution in every aspect, except perhaps one. At fairly low pressures helium is the last of the elements to solidify. Unless this is no longer the case under great pressure and higher temperature, what fluid can remain as the medium in which it is to float?

—BERTRAND M. PEEK.
*in "The Planet Jupiter"*
(Copyright © 1958
by Bertrand M. Peek,
Macmillan, $8.50).

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# THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Don Moran.

**WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?** *Into purer, healthier air if researchers summoned to the First National Conference on Air Pollution in Washington, D. C., this month have their way. U. S. Surgeon General Leroy Burney will open the meeting on November 18 by summing up what science now knows about the composition of smoke, smog, and the other forms of atmospheric sewage we daily breathe into our lungs with resultant discomfort, sickness and sometimes death. Three days of subsequent discussion ought to show whether progress toward cleaning the air since 1955 has been worth the $5,000,000 appropriated by Congress that year for research into and control of pollution. Should more be spent? Strongest documentation will come from the National Air Sampling Network, which is hunting out those contaminants which provoke cancer or other disease.*

**By ARTHUR C. STERN**
*(National Air Sampling Network)*

EACH of us breathes about thirty-five pounds of air a day—a much greater intake than that of food or water. No one questions our need for food and water of adequate purity. Surely, our criteria for the larger quantity of air we consume must be as high or higher.

Of recent years, our need for knowledge has been goaded by a succession of unpleasant and sometimes fatal manifestations of polluted air in all quarters of the globe. Under this impetus, the United States Congress in 1955 authorized the Public Health Service to undertake research into the causes and cures of air pollution. As one aspect of this inquiry, the Robert A. Taft Sanitary Engineering Center in Cincinnati regularly measures the quality of air across the country through the National Air Sampling Network.

The network now includes 283 sampling sites: fifty-one nonurban (one in each state or territory), 113 in large cities (at least one per state), thirty-eight in somewhat smaller cities (half sampled in even years, half in odd), and eighty-one still smaller cities (one-third sampled every year). Each sampling station is operated by a volunteer agency, usually a local health department, using equipment furnished by the Public Health Service.

Any textbook will tell you that by weight, the air which the Network samples is composed of 75.51 per cent nitrogen, 23.15 per cent oxygen, 1.28 per cent argon, and 0.05 per cent carbon dioxide. These add up to 99.9 per cent. The rare gases (helium, krypton, neon, and xenon) and hydrogen and nitrous oxide account for most of the remaining 0.01 per cent. Certain acts of nature—volcanic eruption, decay of animal and vegetable matter, forest fires induced by lightning, and exudation of volatile organic chemicals by living plants and animals—produce gases and vapors that add about 0.00001 per cent to the weight of the atmosphere. Any other gas or vapor must be considered a man-made pollutant, and the total load in the air of all pollutant gases and vapors is about 0.001 per cent of the weight of the air mass near the earth.

The more common pollutant gases are sulphur dioxide, nitrogen dioxide, carbon monoxide, hydrogen sulphide, hydrogen fluoride, ammonia, ozone, and formaldehyde. Their propensity to damage crops, corrode metals, attack paint, crack rubber, and irritate the eyes, nose, and throat is well known. The more numerous solid and liquid pollutants are responsible for most of the subjective manifestations of polluted air, such as soiling and loss of atmospheric visibility. They are also suspected of being involved in the causation of lung cancer and much undifferentiated chronic disease.

Air samples are obtained with a device that looks and acts like a vacuum cleaner. In a twenty-four-hour period, it filters about 70,000 cubic feet of air through a sheet of paper made of glass fibers. Glass is used rather than cellulose fiber because glass is free of organic matter which would mask the minute quantities of such matter being sought in the air. The filter must be better than the best used in cigarettes, since the latter are designed to let some of the smoke and taste through.

After a sampling, each sheet of filter paper is mailed to the Sanitary Engineering Center where it is reweighed and analyzed both for radioactivity and for a host of chemicals. The samples are routinely separated into organic and inorganic constituents. Inorganic content is analyzed to determine the quantity of each of seventeen different metallic elements (in chemical combination, not as pure metal) and for the kinds of groups with which these metals are chemically combined. The organic portion of one sample is usually too small for detailed analysis, so a number of samples from each city are combined to make a sample large enough to allow its fractionation into elements commonly associated with malodor, eye irritation, plant damage, cancer, and so on. These fractions are then turned over to teams of research chemists for more specific identification of ingredients.

In addition to its routine sampling, the Network laboratory receives and fractionates special massive samples from nine cities (Atlanta, Birmingham, Cincinnati, Detroit, Los Angeles, Nashville, New Orleans, Philadelphia, and San Francisco) to provide a continual supply of air pollutants for experimental tests upon experimental animals. Large mouse colonies at the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, Maryland, and at the University of Southern California Medical School in Los Angeles are being subjected to the different chemicals found in man-made contaminants. It is hoped that these studies may indicate if any of the fractions cause cancer in the animals and if the risk of malignancy is greater in one city than in another. Now in progress for about a year, the animal experiments need to be continued for at least another year before their conclusions are definitive.

THE National Air Sampling Network gives us for the first time a means of comparing sickness and death records in different parts of the country with pollution of the air in those localities to determine whether and what relationships exist. It allows a determination of whether and where pollution is increasing and at what rate. It points out what most needs doing to control pollution, and where. It brings a frontier of scientific research into the streets of your home town, through the windows of your home and down to the soot on your bedroom curtains.

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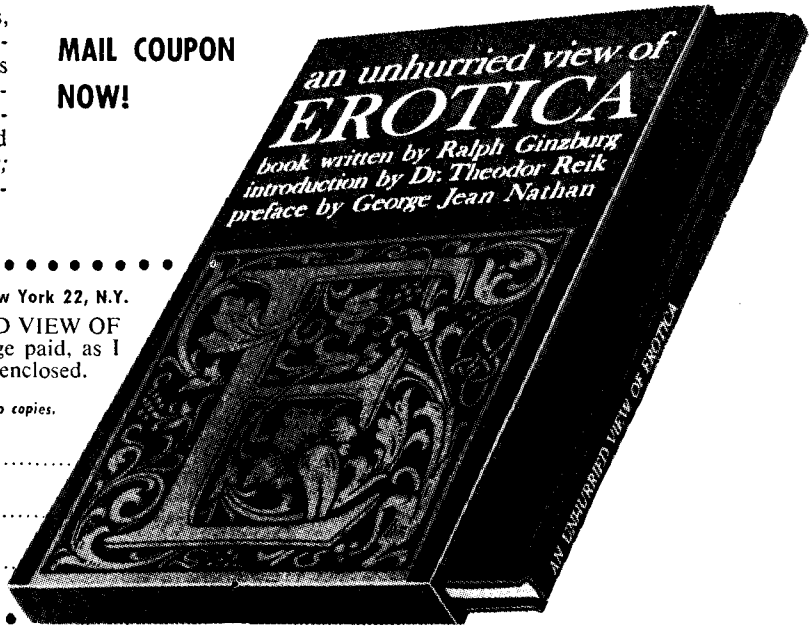
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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1285

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Novelty (dialect). | 34 164 193 45 59 181 17 176 136 |
| B. Encroaches upon. | 180 44 178 137 22 206 65 |
| C. With "Father," member of religious community, Oxford 1865. | 56 121 91 171 184 133 |
| D. As Pope described "the spider's touch," modified with "exquisitely" (2 wds.). | 205 113 203 53 48 147 196 |
| E. Sixteenth-cent. name for the Atlantic (2 wds.). | 161 116 82 26 6 12 149 54 |
| F. Balzac's most famous creation (3 Fr. wds.). | 97 18 159 194 89 77 32 3 80 43 202 156 |
| G. A merchant vessel of the largest size. | 15 94 7 79 124 100 |
| H. Greatly moved to enthusiasm (2 wds.). | 55 145 126 187 204 72 19 31 173 |
| I. Gentle little animal often tamed, of Central and S Amer., with long prehensile tail. | 105 35 67 87 170 114 153 122 |
| J. Where to look for baked blackbirds (3 wds.). | 118 141 189 71 177 42 |
| K. How fresh was the pease porridge of t he nursery rhyme? (3 wds.). | 27 40 119 144 131 140 84 25 103 130 174 |
| L. What some ads tell us is "half the fun" (2 wds.). | 108 50 117 155 75 58 37 13 166 88 168 158 |
| M. A necessity at the gate in horse-and-buggy days (2 wds.). | 183 57 49 190 157 29 16 120 9 167 139 74 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| N. American ballroom dance adapted from the turkey-trot (comp.) | 104 195 186 73 60 191 125 |
| O. One of the handles bars of an Eskimo sledge. | 154 110 185 11 99 21 134 198 150 |
| P. South American hummingbird with bill longer than its body. | 101 143 175 135 70 152 46 102 172 |
| Q. The swordfish. | 160 192 111 151 142 23 36 |
| R. Any of several low-growing species of *Salix* (2 wds.). | 28 98 66 86 41 165 5 188 163 146 83 |
| S. Having lines; striped. | 112 85 24 92 148 |
| T. Titular heroine of novel, 1778, by Frances Burney. | 169 197 95 39 64 62 10 |
| U. Mother of Hercules by Zeus. | 38 51 127 30 115 107 179 |
| V. The "Unknown" Mohammedan angel who with Word X examines souls as to their faith in the Prophet. | 207 109 47 200 129 123 |
| W. Uncalled-for burden, unwarranted requirement; delusion. | 20 138 162 68 90 61 182 33 2 81 |
| X. The "Repudiating" Mohammedan angel who works with Word V. | 201 93 4 106 14 |
| Y. Any absurd medley. | 63 96 69 1 128 76 132 8 78 199 52 |

### DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are the acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 1 Y | 2 W | 3 F | 4 X | 5 R | 6 E | 7 G | | 8 Y | 9 M | | 10 T | 11 O | | 12 E | 13 L | 14 X |
| 15 G | 16 M | 17 A | 18 F | | 19 H | 20 W | 21 O | 22 B | 23 Q | 24 S | 25 K | | 26 E | 27 K | 28 R | | 29 M |
| 30 U | 31 H | 32 F | 33 W | 34 A | 35 I | 36 Q | 37 L | | 38 U | | 39 T | 40 K | 41 R | 42 J | | 43 F | 44 B |
| 45 A | 46 P | 47 V | 48 D | 49 M | 50 L | 51 U | 52 Y | | 53 D | 54 E | 55 H | 56 C | 57 M | 58 L | 59 A | 60 N | 61 W |
| 62 T | 63 Y | | 64 T | 65 B | | 66 R | 67 I | | 68 W | 69 Y | 70 P | | 71 J | 72 H | 73 N | 74 M | 75 L |
| 76 Y | 77 F | | 78 Y | 79 G | 80 F | | 81 W | 82 E | 83 R | | 84 K | 85 S | 86 R | 87 I | 88 L | 89 F | 90 W |
| | 91 C | 92 S | | 93 X | 94 G | 95 T | | 96 Y | 97 F | 98 R | 99 O | 100 G | 101 P | | 102 P | 103 K | 104 N |
| 105 I | 106 X | 107 U | 108 L | | 109 V | 110 O | | 111 Q | 112 S | 113 D | 114 I | 115 U | 116 E | 117 L | 118 J | 119 K | 120 M |
| | 121 C | 122 I | 123 V | | 124 G | 125 N | 126 H | 127 U | 128 Y | 129 V | 130 K | | 131 K | 132 Y | 133 C | 134 O | 135 P |
| 136 A | 137 B | 138 W | 139 M | | 140 K | 141 J | 142 Q | | 143 P | 144 K | | 145 H | 146 R | 147 D | 148 S | 149 E | 150 O |
| | 151 Q | 152 P | 153 I | 154 O | 155 L | | 156 F | 157 M | 158 L | | 159 F | 160 Q | 161 E | 162 W | 163 R | 164 A | |
| 165 R | 166 L | 167 M | | 168 L | 169 T | 170 I | 171 C | 172 P | 173 H | | 174 K | 175 P | | 176 A | 177 J | 178 B | 179 U |
| | 180 B | 181 A | | 182 W | 183 M | 184 C | 185 O | 186 N | | 187 H | 188 R | 189 J | 190 M | 191 N | 192 Q | | 193 A |
| 194 F | | 195 N | 196 D | 197 T | 198 O | 199 Y | | 200 V | 201 X | 202 F | 203 D | | 204 H | 205 D | 206 B | 207 V | |

**Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.**



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